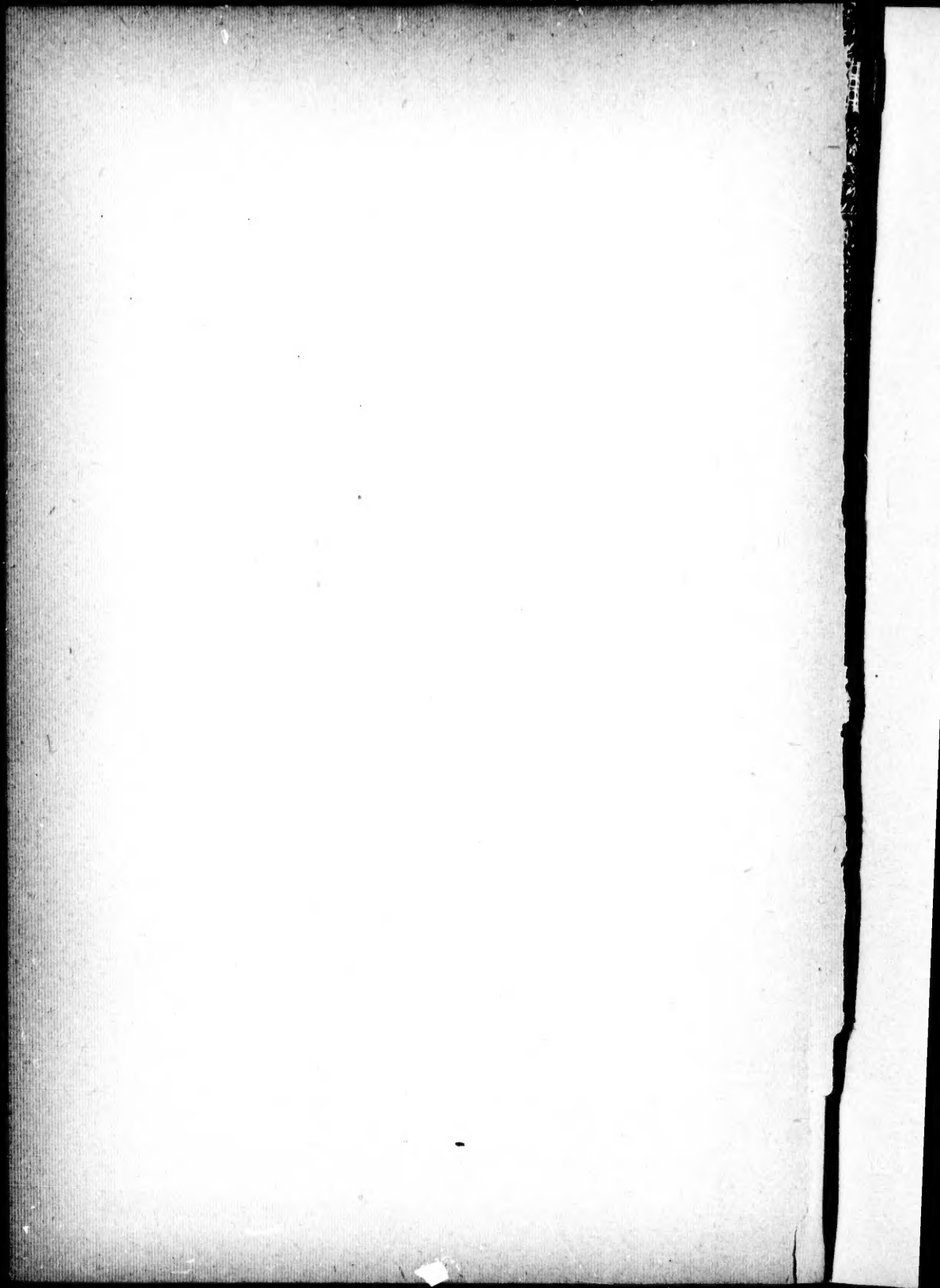




SPARKS FOR YOUR TINDER

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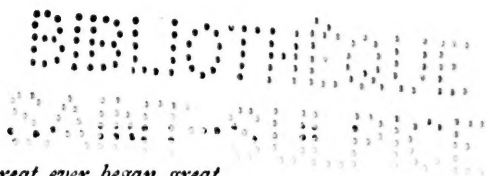
REV. G. R. WHITE, B.A.

YARMOUTH, NOVA SCOTIA.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

REV. D. A. STEELE, M.A.

AMHERST, N.S.



Nothing great ever began great.

JOSEPH DE MAISTRE.

MONTREAL :

WILLIAM DRYSDALE & CO.

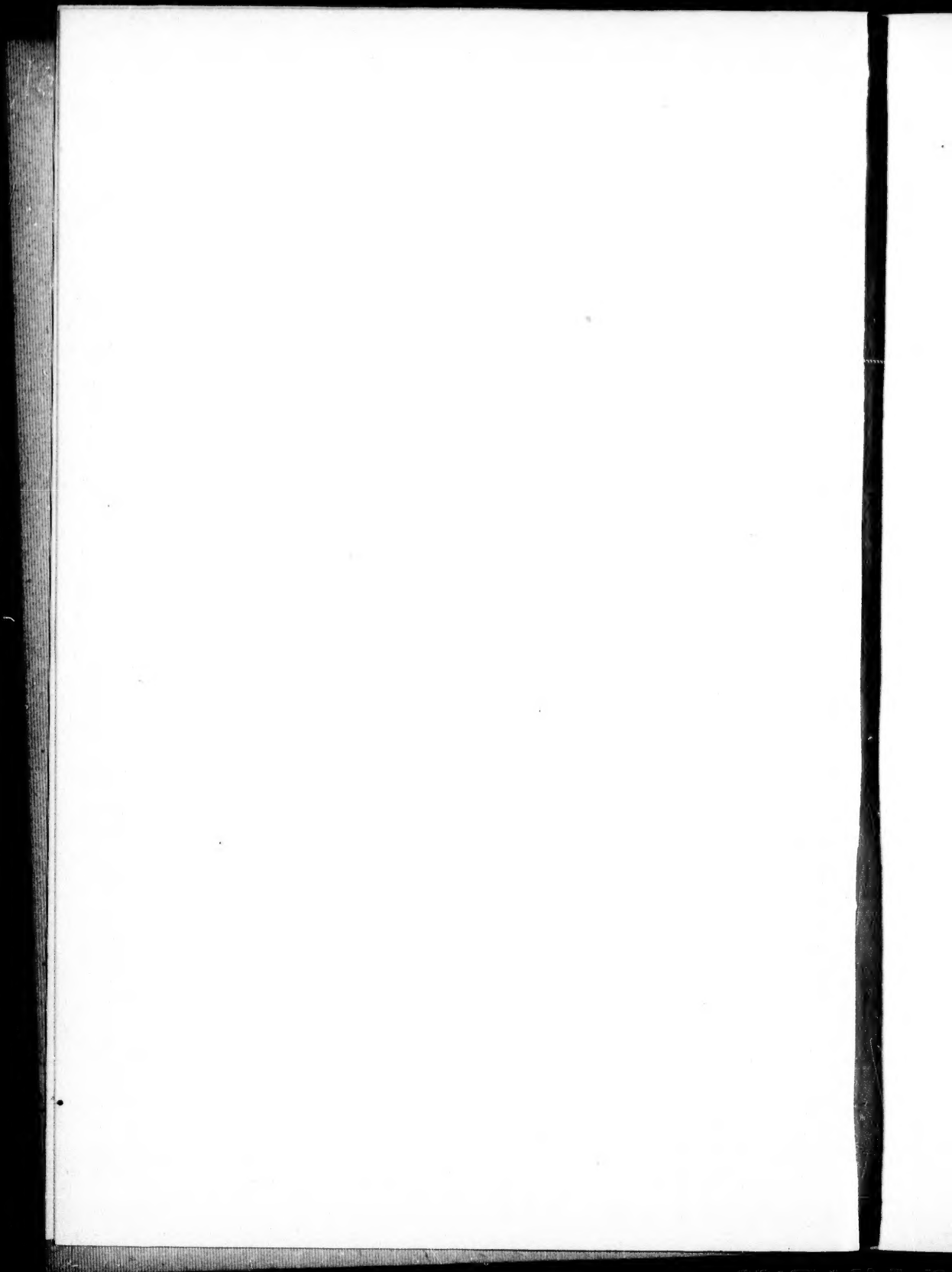
1893.

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TO THE
CHURCH AND CONGREGATION
OF THE
TEMPLE BAPTIST CHURCH,
YARMOUTH, NOVA SCOTIA,
THIS VOLUME
IS AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED BY
THEIR PASTOR.

38129



INTRODUCTION.

This is my brother's first-born, and it is a child of promise. It is like the sire, plain, straightforward, honest, and practical, relieved, as all teaching ought to be, by glimpses of poetry. Here and there, as at page 20, in his plea for the Jew, he strikes a chord that may be called eloquent.

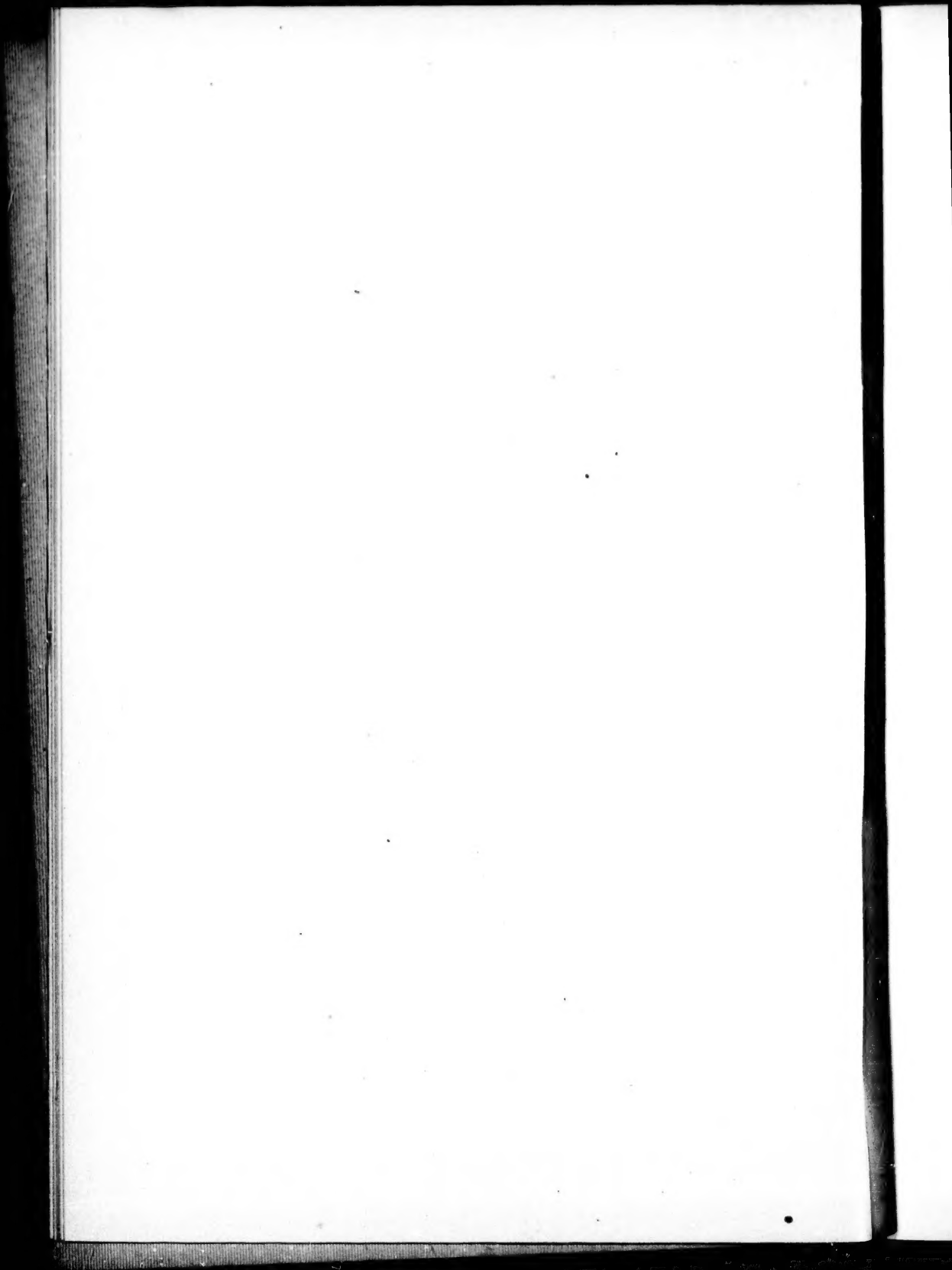
The author is alive; not a bookmaker because driven to the literary by failure in public address, but because he must say his say about the great moving forces of these busy last years of the century. He talks to the college man, inciting him to question what God wants of him. He counsels the boys and girls in that friendly, off-hand way that young people like. He will be sure to win them. He deals with Temperance incidentally and specially. He is an enthusiastic captain leading a band of young people. He aims his select shafts at the silly being who robs himself in robbing his Lord. He freely uses illustrations, like the great teachers of all ages, and thus prevents the loss that many teachers suffer. Half

men's labor is thrown away when they confine themselves to the bare truth. "I have used similitudes," said John Bunyan; and they have floated his idea down two centuries, as the downy wings of the seed. They would have stuck round the fences of the Bedford fen-country, if old John had imitated his prosy brethren; but he gave them wings and they soared and sailed to the ends of the earth. The kingdom of heaven is like a great many things, and Mr. White has in many forms shewn this. Here is the dissipated son, broken down on hearing of his father's kindness in providing for him in his will. How close the application any one can see; it is the old story of the prodigal over again. The "rice without curry" of the benevolent Karens is like the homely but beautiful women we all meet. Dr. Judson's disgust at the sentimentality of thoughtless Christians is used to point another arrow: "My hands were almost shaken off, my hair almost clipped from my head, by those who would let missions die for want of aid." Books to be read must be illustrated by picturings of some sort, and this modest booklet has this quality.

There is a deal of good gospel in the following pages, and while the teachings of Jesus infiltrate

themselves through every page, we are especially invited to behold the Man, as in sufferings manifold, He dies for us on Calvary.

The book will do you good. It has the *vim* of youth in it, of a man determined to help men. The writer is a preacher of righteousness, who believes that what he says to one of our most intelligent congregations is good enough to be put into more enduring form. He is right. The address which will not bear to be put into cold type now-a-days is hardly worth "believing" at all.



PREFACE.

We are not altogether ignorant of the fact that the literary sea has become very tempestuous. We know, as a rule, that only the most seaworthy crafts reach their desired haven. But occasionally some frail bark scuds before the storm and reaches the harbor, even when great ships go down. It is with some such hope as this we launch our little skiff. And, to waft her on her way, we breathe the humble, fervent prayer, that the breakers may not engulf her; but that some tempest-tossed seaman, sailing the ocean of time, may take heart again, as over the crest of the waves he espies our pennant, and, along with us, casts anchor within the veil.

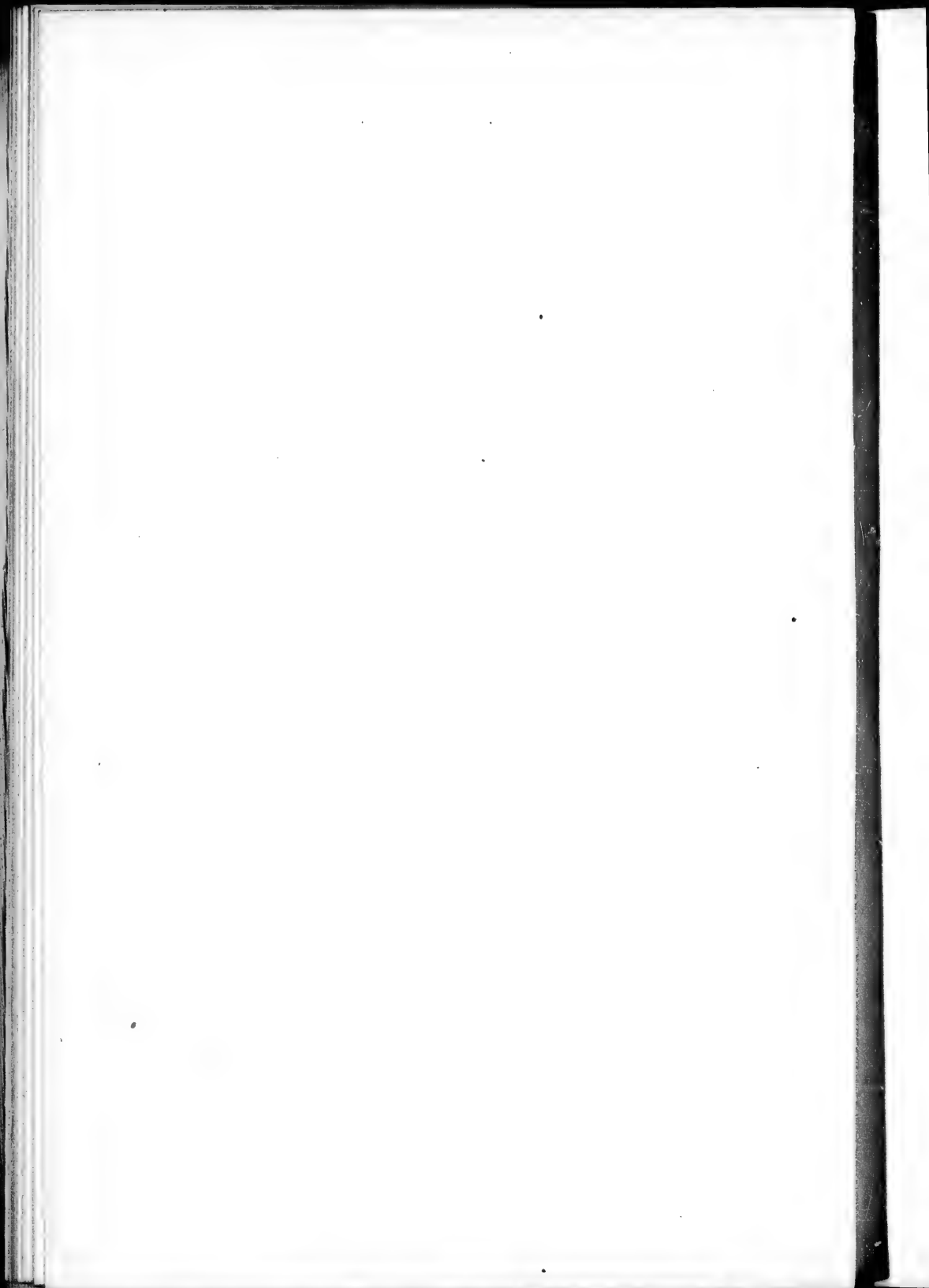
AUTHOR.

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EVERY LIFE A PLAN OF GOD.



EVERY LIFE A PLAN OF GOD.

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED BEFORE THE STUDENTS OF
ACADIA UNIVERSITY, SUNDAY EVENING,
OCTOBER 30TH, 1892.

“What wilt thou have me to do?”—ACTS ix., 6.

Our scripture sets before us a young man just graduating from the schools of his day, much bothered and perplexed about his future life work—Saul of Tarsus. He is not alone. There are thousands of young men and women in this land of ours unsettled as to the future. For a solution to this great problem we have Paul's method. It was prayer. “What wilt Thou have me to do?” This should ever be the watchword of every humble, devoted child of God. He will always find his head and his heart united in what he will do for the glory of Christ who has done so much for him. Perhaps the change was never so marked in any man's conversion as in that of Saul, for he now asks the Lord, whom he once despised and rejected, what He would have him to do—a true mark of humility and obedience.

Born of a proud, impetuous race—“of the stock of Israel, of the tribe of Benjamin, a Hebrew of the

Hebrews"—such was Saul, as set forth in the sacred story. Born at Tarsus, a city of Celicia, he lived amid the classic glories of a land which was hallowed by the words and deeds of men the world is slow to forget—where all that was great in art, in learning, in poetry, in oratory, and in song found fullest and highest expression.

"And Saul, yet breathing out slaughter and threatenings against the disciples of the Lord, went unto the high priest and desired of him letters to Damascus, to the synagogue, that if he found any of this way, whether they be men or women, he might bring them bound unto Jerusalem." Such is the introduction given us by the sacred writer, to Saul of Tarsus, the fierce, bigoted, cruel persecutor of God's saints. Saul draws near to Damascus. It is noonday. The brilliant eastern sun shines forth in all his glory. But lo, a brighter light from heaven ; Saul is smitten down ; a voice is heard—"Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou Me?" "Who art thou, thou bright and shining one?" "I am Jesus whom thou persecutest," thy Lord and thy Redeemer. There comes immediate surrender. The mighty fortress of Mansoul yields up to its lawful king, and Saul cries : "What wilt Thou have me to do? If ever a man was divinely fitted for his mission, that man was Saul of Tarsus. He brought into the service of Christ an heroic heart in which was strangely joined fervent love, and an unwavering courage ; a mind able to rise to the most sublime

heights of human speculation, and to penetrate the deepest recesses of the human soul.

In making a practical application of this prayer of the Apostle to our own lives, let me say—

I. It is a mark of the highest wisdom to seek the Divine guidance at all times and under all circumstances. Many Christians go on from year to year perplexed about their future life work, who perhaps have never diligently enquired of the Lord, just what he would have them do; and many more there are who are not willing to do that which the Lord seems to direct, and perhaps the latter are more abundant than the former. Like Naaman, we all want to do some great thing, and because we can't do some great thing we are not willing to do the little duties which lie at hand, the doing of which may be God's way of preparing us for some greater work, some broader field of usefulness.

Now, I think we should feel that the Lord has some special work for each one of us, as truly as He had for Paul. There are no trifles with God. All His works are a reality; all His creatures are formed for a special purpose. It might not be a difficult task for me to persuade you that God had a special purpose to serve in the life of Paul, for He says—“He is a chosen vessel unto me to bear my name unto the Gentiles;” but the task will be to persuade you that God has a special purpose in your life, and has created you for a special work in the great scheme

of redemption. A work which no other can do, and if not done by you, it never will be done. It appears to me that some such thought of the sacredness of life, must take possession of our souls before our best work can be done for God and humanity. And such a thought is an inspiration to any man. The Apostle declares this when he said, "We are workers together with God." Then, if God has a special purpose to work out in each individual life, how anxious we should be to know what it is, in order to work in harmony with God. The late Prince Albert had as a maxim: "Find out the plan of God in your generation; and then beware lest you cross that plan or fail to find your own place in it." From what we know of God's care for His creatures we should feel that He has a wise purpose to serve in our lives, however humble they may be. What we see in the lives of partriarchs, prophets and apostles is to be seen in all men. These are only examples of what every man's life is in the mind of God. Dr. Watts has beautifully expressed that thought in one of his hymns—

"The very law which moulds a tear,
And bids it trickle from its source,
That law preserves the world a sphere,
And guides the planets in their course."

The God who directed and moulded the life of Abraham is directing and moulding the life of each humble, trustful believer to-day. Paul's helpers were as much ordained to the work as was Paul. We are

apt to lose sight of this fact in their lives and in our own. History has much to say about Napoleon, Wellington and Washington, but little for the noble heroes who laid down their lives as their helpers. But while earth fails to record their names and cherish their memories, heaven does not. We see design in all the material universe, not only in the everlasting hills, but in the lowly plain ; not only in king of the forest, but in every blade of grass that holds the dew-drop in the glory of the morning sun. Science points out the finger of God and beholds the hand-writing of the Almighty, as plainly upon the time-worn face of old Blomidon, as upon the tables of stone delivered to Moses upon the Holy Mount. There can be nothing more delightful to the true student of nature than to trace the hand of the Great Designer in all His works. Whether we climb to mountain top or go down into the bowels of the earth, we find around, beneath and above us marks of the same creative genius, plan and design of the same creative hand. "If God so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall He not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?"

If design, plan, forethought, mark the birth, life, growth and death—the beginning and the end of the material universe, how comes it to pass that your life, made in the image of God, has been left out? It is not so. God has a special purpose in your life, as truly as in the life of an Abraham, a Moses, a Joshua,

a Jacob, or a Joseph ; and you are as much a chosen vessel to bear His name to the Gentiles as was Saul of Tarsus.

Again, it is wise to use Paul's method for solving life's problem, because duty is made plain in answer to prayer. But don't be deceived, you will not, you cannot see the whole plan at once—not necessary, not right that you should. Should God show the whole plan at once, some might be elated beyond measure, while others would be cast down, not knowing how joy could be drawn from such a bitter cup. Abraham, Moses and Paul only saw portions of the divine purpose ; to them the future was as much hidden as to ourselves, and only such portions revealed as were needed to stimulate them for duty. It is quite easy for us now to see that God had a settled purpose in all their varied experience since the drama of their lives has been acted out. We can easily trace the parts and feel sure that God was guiding them. And it is from the fact, that the purpose and plan were there, though unseen by them, that should give us courage and arm us for the conflict.

When God wanted a tabernacle in the wilderness He called Moses aside and showed him the plan and specification, and said: "See that you make all things according to the pattern." Moses might have said, Lord it is a hard task ; it can't be done, we have neither the men nor the material here in the wilderness. But back of Moses stood God, to endow

cunning workmen in silver and gold. There was latent power and wondrous skill in the camp of Israel of which even Moses had not dreamed. The very genius and skill of Jehovah lay back of the pattern. God had his ideal, and He stood by it and worked into the heads and hearts of the men of Israel all the cunning craft and human genius that the model demanded. God has His plan and purpose in these lives of ours. Like the sculptor, who saw the angel imprisoned in the block of marble, and resolved to release it ; so God beholds our imprisoned spirits, and resolves to release them. A high ideal this, " that we be conformed to the image of His Son." It stamps life with a sacredness all divine. Back of your weakness, back of your repeated failure, stands the God of Infinite supply, who shall yet push to completion His great purpose. " There is a divinity that shapes our ends, rough hew them as we may." There is a God working behind that humble desire of yours to be like him. And He is the refiner and purifier of silver, who never leaves the crucible until He sees His own image reflected therein.

But there are times in all our lives when the horizon must lift, the prison walls must enlarge, or we fall a prey to despair. Such experiences came to Paul. We see him, the blind prisoner at Damascus ; for three days the light of heaven had been shut out ; three days he is in communion with his God alone. Doubtless the burden of his prayer was " Lord, what

wilt Thou have me to do?" The vision can tarry no longer, prayer must be answered, Paul must have a glimpse of the future or his great heart will break. Yes, it is a necessity that the curtain lift. The Lord said unto His servant, "Ananias, arise, go into the street that is called straight and enquire in the house of Judas for one called Saul of Tarsus—for behold he prayeth."

On another occasion, while at Corinth, the Jews blasphemed and opposed him: "Paul shook his raiment and said unto them, 'your blood be upon your own head; I am clean.'" Paul was discouraged. He must see the future. The Lord came to him in the night vision and said, "Paul, be not afraid, but speak, and hold not thy peace; for I am with thee, and no man shall set on thee to hurt thee; for I have much people in this city." And there he remained for a year and a half, and planted the Church of the Corinthians, to whom he afterwards penned those beautiful letters, I. and II. to the Corinthians.

Again, on that dismal sea voyage to Rome. After fourteen days of darkness, storm and danger, "when," according to Luke, "all hope of being saved was taken away," God appeared to Paul and drew the curtain, and said: "Fear not, Paul, thou must be brought before Cæsar; and lo, God hath given thee all them that sail with thee." And these are only examples of what the Lord did through the entire life of his apostle, revealing to him his purpose,

and making plain the path of duty in the hour of need. Rev. F. B. Meyer says: "The agent must yield himself to God's plan. It is always safe to stop still where we are till God shows His plan. Three signs must concur; first, the voice within; second, the Word of God without, and third, the circumstance, or providential sign." What lessons are here for us! Amid all the perplexities of life, when, like Paul, your way seems hedged up, learn like him to commit all to God, as unto a faithful Creator.

II. How are we to be assured that the answer is from the Lord? God, the Holy Ghost, will make it clear, both by shutting up the old and opening up new avenues, or by hedging us in to the place we now occupy, if that be where we can best glorify Him. We should be as willing to stay as go, if that be the will of Providence. Frances Ridley Havergal says we are more ready to listen to the Lord's "come ye," than to obey His "go ye." Some one has said "that we should stand by our prayers in holy expectation of the thing we have begged of God." There is much that is called prayer that is not prayer, and will never receive an answer; but real prayer always receives an answer from Heaven. Paul had no doubt as to the answer from the Lord, when Ananias addressed him as "Brother Saul," and said, "even Jesus that appeared unto thee in the way as thou camest, hath sent me that thou mightest receive thy sight and be filled with the Holy Ghost."

But there is one motive that should rule us at all times, that is, strive to do the best and make the most out of present opportunities and circumstances, and trust God to lead us out into greater fields of usefulness as rapidly as we are prepared to occupy the ground. This was Paul's method. As soon as he was converted, he began to work for his new Master as diligently as for the old one. The field for the willing worker is always at hand, opportunities are never wanting for those who are ready to embrace them.

Paul preached Christ at Damascus ; persecution grew too hot, by that means God led him out into a greater sphere of usefulness. And throughout his whole life you will see how God heard his prayer and made the answer plain by circumstances. God offers us a constant leadership. "I am the Good Shepherd. I know my sheep and am known of mine."

But before you offer the prayer, "what wilt thou have me to do?" be sure you are willing to obey when the answer comes, for there is much truth in that old saying of the man who was looking for work but all the time praying that he might not find any. If there is a willing mind, a soul truly desirous to know the will of God, the Lord will not leave that soul long in the dark. But I fear there are some Christians who don't think much about the purpose God has in their conversion and Christian life, or if He have any such purpose they are satisfied for Him

to work it out as He thinks best, at least they give themselves little concern about the matter. The possibilities of such souls are truly unexplored mines; they may possess great wealth, much silver and gold, but the world will not be much the richer for their having lived in it; and they will never know how large a place the Lord had for them, or how many jewels might have decked their starless crowns. God will never force the plan of any man's life upon him: "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him, to such He will show His Covenant." "They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength." It is to the humble and contrite heart the Saviour comes. There is no royal road to religion any more than to education. There must be a seeking to find, a knocking before it will be opened, an asking before we can receive. "What wilt Thou have me to do?" Dear Lord show me the plan of my life, or enough to guide me in the way. Many a child of God has been quickened into new life as he has seen God's purpose unfolding before him, and has been made increasingly useful as he has seen how large the thoughts of God were toward him, and how he had counted him worthy of such a place of usefulness in His Kingdom on earth.

A story is told of a wayward son whose early life of dissipation had brought his father's gray hairs with sorrow to the grave. On funeral day, as the cold clods fell upon his coffin and the minister pronounced

in slow, and solemn tones, "dust to dust and ashes to ashes," the boy stood unmoved. The mourners returned home, he among the number ; in a few days after, when the will of the dead father was read, and the wayward son received an equal share with the other members of the family, he broke down and sobbing said : "I did not think that father would remember me in his will." And many wayward children of God will be melted into tears when at last they shall see the whole purpose of their human life spread before them, and see how largely God has remembered them in His last will and testament. O how infinite His love ! how large His grace. I will not blot out their names. I will heal all their backslidings, and love them freely.

It may be there are young men and women here to-night who need to offer this prayer : "What wilt Thou have me to do?" Dear Saviour, make the path of duty clear and plain, that in some humble way I may strive to fill up that measure of usefulness of which Thou hast counted me worthy. There are young men whose hearts almost sink by times for fear they have made a mistake in their calling. I think it is well to have the question settled as early in College life as possible. For it is an education in itself, to see how your increase of knowledge will focus itself upon your chosen profession. But let the question be settled after the Pauline method. Indeed, that is the only way to settle effectually any of life's

problems. Whether we be mechanics, lawyers, preachers, teachers or professors, we will never do our best until we have the assurance that we are called of God, as was Paul. This life calls for faith, and such a faith as built the pyramids and discovered America, if we are to get out of life what God has planned and purposed for us. Schiller says: "If there had been no undiscovered world lying far to the westward, one would have risen from the sea to reward the faith of Columbus, urging his way across the untravelled deep." Be that as it may, there is a God who will answer every earnest, honest request to be guided right.

"Make you His service your delight,
He'll make your wants His care."

"In His name" was the motto of the persecuted Waldensians. It was their form of salutation when they met and when they parted. It expressed their supreme idea of life, and all that made it worth living. They said it at their weddings and repeated it at their funerals; and it lifted to a sublime dignity their daily work in the field and in the vineyard. Should we take as the motto of our lives, "What wilt Thou have me to do?" how exalted life would become. It would settle a thousand difficulties in this commercial age of the world and of the Church. What a tendency in this age on the part of Churches and individual Christians to drift from these simple moor-

ings. We need a return to first principles, to the simplicity of faith in the Crucified Son of God. Then it would matter but little what the employment be, whether we be servants or masters, students or professors, laborer or capitalist, if we only lived as in God's sight. It would sanctify the meanest work, and so "make drudgery divine;" then we could say with the sainted John Eliot, "Were I to go to Heaven to-morrow I should do what I do to-day." Then would all our days be sanctified, and all life ennobled and adorned with a consciousness of that Presence that is joy here and fullness of joy hereafter.

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THE NATURAL AND SUPERNATURAL IN
THE HISTORY OF THE JEWS.

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THE NATURAL AND SUPERNATURAL IN THE HISTORY OF THE JEWS.

The histories of the nations are but strangely wrought tragedies ; they rise and pass in panoramic splendor before the gaze of the beholding world and vanish. In Greece may be seen a drama grand and inspiring, but her glory has long since faded into the shady past—" it is Greece, but living Greece no more." Rome lives as a tragic dream, in which her iron hand laid low all who dare oppose her. But these are of the past, and no longer are we brought into immediate contact with them ; and as the centuries recede, their memory and their history recede with them. Years are crowded into single days, whole centuries into single years, and thus we feel but the icy grasp of a vanished hand.

But the Jews, although their antiquity reaches far back of either that of Greece or Rome, are still present with us. They are the "peculiar people," and their history is as truly a peculiar history as they are a peculiar people. Other nations have preserved their national pride only so long as they maintained a separate and distinct existence ; and when their national ensign was snatched from them by conquer-

ing foes, with it all national independence was surrendered. Not so with the Jew ; his boast and his glory are his race and his history : " though cast down he is not destroyed." While there is no spot on earth which they can call their own, and although no flag floats over them, they are as truly a separate and distinct people to-day as when Nineveh, Babylon and Palmyra looked to Jerusalem as their peer.

The history of the Jews is a paradox—no nation so blessed, no nation so cursed, no nation with a history so black, no nation with a history so illustrious. For the Jew, marvels have been wrought. For him, Egyptian shackles have burst from his wrist without an effort ; for him the sea divides, while it swallows up his enemies ; for him, the Jordan stops its ceaseless flow ; for him, the solid rock becomes a gushing fountain and the dew his daily bread ; for him, on smoking, thundering, trembling Sinai, a divine law is given, written by God's own finger ; for him, empires have risen, flourished and gone into decay. Such have been the displays of Omnipotence on his behalf.

On the other hand, no nation has been so openly cursed. The Jew has been oppressed, outraged, banished, imprisoned, hanged, robbed, tortured, burned ; all nations have vied with each other to trample him down. Ostracised socially, banished politically, anathematized ecclesiastically, the miserable and hated Jew has been compelled to drag out an existence

among his bitterest enemies. Even Christian England has done her full share in filling up this dark page of human woe. In the twelfth century, extortion, confiscation of property, murder; in the thirteenth century, banishment from the realm; to the middle of the nineteenth, civil disabilities. Only a little over a quarter of a century of freedom absolute. And all this in the land of the free. The awful predictions of God and man have been meted out to the "chosen people" in good measure, shaken down, running over. Even their self-invoked curse on Calvary's mount—"His blood be upon us and on our children"—has been dreadfully answered, and for over eighteen centuries scattered and peeled Israel has been smarting beneath the withering curse of a rejected Saviour.

This ever-varying relation of God and man in the interplay of human and divine elements in the history of the Jews has caused many to look upon Jewish history as a series of contradictory statements. But this is largely due to the study of isolated portions rather than the study of their history as a whole, as a divine purpose working through a human agency.

Since the Jewish drama has been acted out, it is not difficult for us to analyse and separate it into its two elements—the human and the divine, or the natural and the supernatural.

Modern science has struggled hard to rob Jewish history of the supernatural, and to account for its miracles by natural causes. In order to accomplish

this, various theories have been advanced. For example, one writer (accounting, by a natural cause, for the dividing of the Red Sea) says, "that a strong east wind had been blowing, doubtless, for some time previous to the arrival of Moses at the arm of the sea, and the wind had so forced back the waters that Moses crossed on dry land." But he forgot to explain, on a scientific basis, just how the wind happened to stop blowing when Pharaoh's proud host got into the bed of the sea; doubtless there was a want of clearness in his own brain. The learned Darwin silenced for ever the talk about the supernatural when he says: "There is no such thing as the supernatural; it is only superhuman, while the natural forces are still working above human comprehension." This is only a play on words, and the great fact of the supernatural element in Jewish history is still with us, account for it as we may. And it must be evident to every student of history that God is seen working in and through the Jewish nation in a way and manner He is not seen working in and through any other nation or peoples.

These distinguishing characteristics are strikingly set forth, in the early separation of the nation, by the call of Abraham from the Ur of the Chaldees to become the father of a great nation. And through every crisis of his history may be seen two elements—one secular, the other religious; the one forming the past, the other reaching on to the future. There was

nothing very striking in the simple fact that Abraham migrated from the Ur of the Chaldees ; many had gone the same way before him, and thousands followed after him. While this was the natural element, "there was," says Stanley, "another aspect which the surrounding tribes saw not, but which is the only point we now see distinctly : ' The Lord said unto Abraham, get thee out of thy country and from thy father's house into a land I will show thee ; and I will make of thee a great nation, and I will bless thee and make thy name great ; and thou shalt be a blessing ; and I will bless them that bless thee, and I will curse them that curse thee ; and in thee shall all the families of the earth be blessed.' " And Stanley adds : " Interpret these words as we may—give them a meaning more or less literal, more or less restricted—yet with what a force do they break in upon the homeliness of the rest of the narrative ; what an impulse do they disclose to the innermost heart of the movement ; what a vista do they open, even to the very close of the history of which this was but the first beginning." In order to the fulfilment of a promise so sweeping in its extent, we see the supernatural wisdom of choosing a people through whose succeeding generations this promise might find its literal fulfilment. The way in which this promise was understood by Abraham may be seen in his obedient life, and in the early and rapid manner in which the thought that God had set apart the Jewish nation for some special

purpose found its way into the generations that followed. This great truth was indelibly stamped upon their minds by the miraculous manner in which God delivered them from Egyptian bondage. The fact that they were a "chosen nation, a peculiar people," was unfolded with increasing clearness in the early Hebrew literature: "The mountains shall bring peace to the people, and the little hills by righteousness. He shall come down like rain upon the mown grass, as showers that water the earth. In his day shall the righteous flourish, and an abundance of peace so long as the moon shall endure." The sacred history from first to last is the development of this grand idea of a universal blessing by means of a chosen people. In the call of Abraham God elected the Hebrew nation henceforth to be His people, set apart and consecrated, directly or indirectly, for His service: a nation founded with the design to bless the whole earth. The largeness of the promise hid with the "chosen people" is a grand illustration of its supernatural character. To Abraham was given the promise: "In thy seed shall all the families of the earth be blessed." Whence this germ truth of the brotherhood of man? No heathen literature contained a promise so universal in its character. The spirit of the philanthropist dwells not with heathen nations; they can be patriots, but beyond this they cannot go. But, on the other hand, what a unity of the race is suggested in the words: "All families of the earth shall be blessed." How

different from the refinement and culture of the heathen : " He must be a fool," says Celsus, " who can believe that Greeks and barbarians in Asia, Europe and Lybia—all nations to the ends of the earth—can unite in the one and same religion." Yet here, in the Hebrew scriptures, is a thought far in advance of the most refined, the most cultured of the heathen at that period of the world's history, or, indeed, any period since. One God, one faith, one form of religion for all mankind is declared by the Hebrew writers. That the nation with whom this universal religion was entrusted often lost sight of this grand truth is obvious from the open idolatry and sin and unbelief into which they so constantly fell.

But we see not only the elements of the natural and supernatural in this early choice of the Jewish nation, but also in their seclusion from the world at large. Here is a seeming incongruity : a world-wide religion given to one nation, and that a distinct and secluded one. A people who were under the most stringent commands to separate themselves from all other peoples. A nation whose hand was against every man's hand, and the hand of every man against them. But even here we see more than human wisdom at work. It was necessary that a people who were to be the depository of the true religion should be separate in order to understand its true spirit. They must become permeated with the truth before they could dispense it to others. " Drink deep or

taste not the Pierian spring" is as true in religion as in philosophy. How this religious element was developed in the inner consciousness of the Hebrews during the year of their secluded prosperity may be seen in the unparalleled persecution they suffered during the latter part of the nation's history for their religion and their "Holy Land." While we see that the outward institutions of the Jews were antagonistic to the universal spread of the truth, their literature was loud in its praise of universal blessing. The Messianic prophet breaks forth in universal language: "The wilderness and the solitary place shall be made glad, the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose, for as the earth bringeth forth her bud, so shall the Lord cause righteousness and praise to spring forth before all nations. The earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord." Here is a promise greater than Jewish institutions, greater than the Jewish people themselves, greater than human wisdom. How shall we account for it only on the grounds of the divine element in the history of this people? The natural element is that they were a people descended from Israel, but the supernatural is hidden within the heart of the true Israel. This is the New Testament idea: "They are not all Israel which are of Israel, neither because they are the seed of Abraham are they all children, for he is not a Jew that is one outwardly, but he is a Jew that is one inwardly." It was this inner, this hidden life that found utterance in the

prophecies and psalms ; and that which gave to Jewish history its true meaning.

There is much in their separate and secluded life that is analogous to the Christian system. It, too, demands a separation : " Come ye out from among them, be ye separate and touch not the unclean thing, and I will receive you." The Christian, like the true Israel, has a hidden life ; though in the world, he is not of it. God's people are separated to unite. Christianity divides to harmonize. The Christian separates from the world, to draw the world to himself, until all men yielding to the attraction become the people of God. Judaism was the rough kernel cast into the Jewish soil, but containing life, and after two thousand years of a germinating process the time came when the natural element must die and the supernatural spring into a new and greater life.

But the marks of the natural and supernatural may be seen, also, in the dispersion of the " chosen people" among all nations, carrying with them the knowledge of the one true God. Although we may assign natural causes for the downfall and scattering of the Jews, it is as truly a part of the Divine purpose as were the call of Abraham and the secluded life of the nation. Therefore, it ill becomes us to scorn a people so highly blessed of God in the past, and containing such glorious promises for the future. Whether the hills of Judea will again be trodden by the seed of Abraham and Palestine again become an object of wonder or

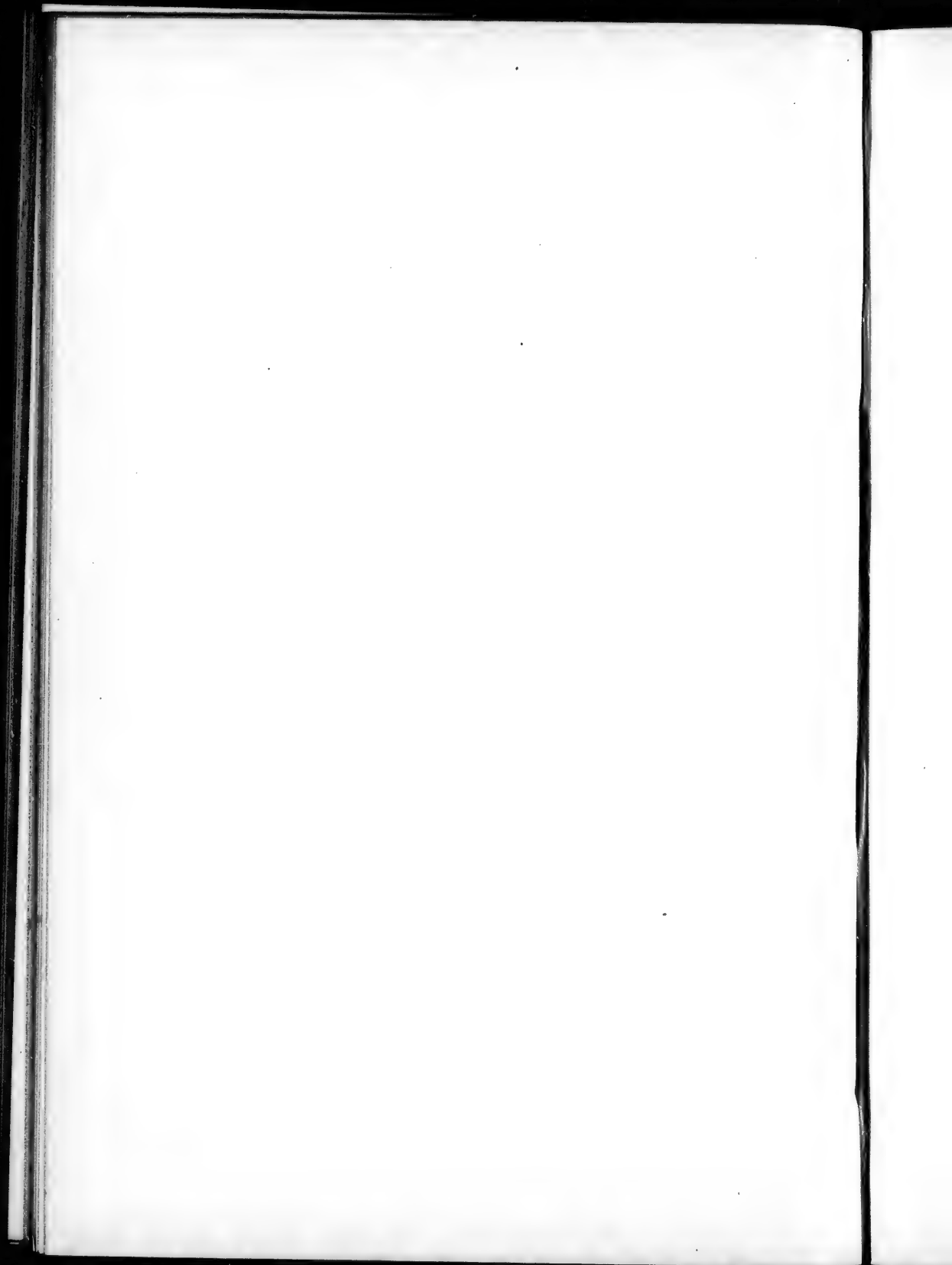
no, great things are in store for Israel: "The mouth of the Lord hath spoken it," and his arm hath lost none of its power. "For," says Paul, "if the casting of them away be the reconciling of the world, what shall the receiving of them be but life from the dead." Then the chosen race—hated, cursed and rejected—shall be restored to the favor of their King, whom they have so shamefully treated, condemned and crucified. Then shall the former glory of Israel be restored, and all nations shall behold with adoring wonder the unchangeable love of God. We should ever realize that we are under a great debt of gratitude to the Jew for preserving for us the oracles of God and the true religion through a long period of darkness and corruption. Let it be remembered that all that was human in the great work of redemption was Jewish; that Christianity is only Judaism stripped of its ceremonial dress—a loosing of the natural and the expanding of the supernatural.

As we take our stand at the close of the Jewish dispensation we are forced to the conclusion that God has been leading His chosen Israel all the journey through. Deny this, and the whole Jewish fabric falls to the ground without a meaning. Their whole history is but one rounded period, one sweeping purpose from the call of Abraham until the heavenly choir broke the silence on Bethlehem's plains, proclaiming: "*On earth peace, good will towards men!*"

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THE STUNTED GRACE.



THE STUNTED GRACE.

"See that ye abound in this grace also.—II. Cor. viii., 7.

I have no apologies to offer for discussing the subject of Christian beneficence. As for the Church, which is doing its full duty in this matter of Christian giving, or for the individual, there is no theme so pleasant and profitable as that of beneficence, and for the Church which is *not* doing its full duty in this respect, or for the individual, there is no kind of instruction they need so much. The full development of all the graces is but the normal growth of a Christian. Hence the Apostle says, "As ye abound in everything, in faith, and utterance and knowledge, and in all diligence, and in your love to us, see that ye abound in this grace also"—namely, the grace of beneficence. For the space of two whole chapters, the 8th and 9th of his second epistle to the Corinthians, the apostle deals with this theme of Christian giving; and his deliverance upon it is more complete than can be found elsewhere in Scripture. The duty of giving, the measure of giving, and the motives that should prompt us in giving, together with two beautiful and worthy examples, are laid down with much clearness and force. Paul's long

stay in Macedonia had impressed him with the great zeal and generosity of the Churches in Northern Greece, and he commends the example of those who in a great trial of affliction had out of "their deep poverty abounded unto the riches of their liberality." Their deep poverty, rather than being a check upon their liberality, was a helpful stimulus to their Christ-like beneficence. "For," he declares, "to their power I bear them record, yea, and beyond their power, they were willing of themselves, praying us with much intreaty, that we would receive the gift and take upon us the fellowship of ministering to the saints." These Macedonian Christians remind us much of the old Karen pastor who, when asked how his people could afford to give so much, for it was a time of sore famine among them, "Oh," said he with a contented smile, "it only means rice without curry." They could eat rice without curry, but as the redeemed of the Lord of Hosts, they could not live without giving. The Macedonians were also worthy examples in other respects, and as the apostle says, "they first gave their own selves to the Lord, and unto us by the will of God." He then calls to mind the beautiful example of Christ: "For ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that though He was rich, yet for our sakes He became poor, that ye through His poverty might be rich." There must be first a deep sense of consecration before there can be a high sense of the duty of Christian liberality, and a hearty giv-

ing as unto the Lord. Paul's whole argument on beneficence is based on the broad principle that love must and will promote a spirit of liberality ; and if the spirit of liberality be wanting, it is because love to God is not supreme, for true beneficence is the free and spontaneous product of a loving heart.

That there is much need of growth in this grace among Christians must be apparent to all. Never did the voice of divine providence call so loudly for enlargement as to-day ; and never before were the opportunities for growth so abundant. The design of God is most plainly indicated in the rapid increase of wealth that has been poured into the coffers of the Christian Church during the last century. Long since has He claimed the silver and gold for Himself, and will doubtless set their vast machinery in motion for His own glory. Since the Christian Church by prayer and faith has been universally successful in securing opportunities to declare the story of the Cross among all nations, what we now need is the means to send the consecrated herald to the ends of earth. Then, and only then, can we most hopefully look for the coming of the King.

But a new era is about dawning upon the Christian Church in regard to the place and power of consecrated wealth in the great mission of the Gospel. For God, by placing within her grasp sufficient means to evangelize the race, in throwing the responsibility of saving a lost world on the Church, in a

way and manner He has not done since the apostolic age, and the way the Church is coming to feel the responsibility in this matter, may be seen by a statement made before the Evangelical Alliance, held at Washington in 1887, when it was stated that probably since 1850 more money had been raised by the Protestant Churches of Christendom for purely evangelical purposes, aside from current Church expenses and local charities, than was raised in all the previous eighteen centuries. But while great advancement has been made, it only shows us how little they did, and not how much we are doing. For the increase of Christian beneficence has not by any means kept pace with the increase of wealth that has fallen to the lot of the Christian Church. It has been stated on good authority that while the evangelical Churches of the United States hold within their possession one-fifth of the wealth of the country—and perhaps they are the most liberal people under Heaven—only one per cent. of the gross amount is given for religious purposes at home and abroad. The very stones cry out, “where are the nine?” From these facts it is quite evident that beneficence is the stunted grace in all our Churches. There must soon come a revolution in our present system of giving if the Church of Christ is to accomplish the grand work which an all-wise Providence has plainly marked out for her. The money power of the world has become so potent that in the civilization and Christianization of the race

that the Church can no longer afford to ignore this power, or her obligation to use it for the Divine glory. For the time has come when the agency of money must be more largely employed in the work of the Lord. There is no longer a respectable standing in the Church of God for the miser, no longer can he draw up his purse strings, and sneer at the mercenary and worldly spirit that has seized upon the Church, while he seeks to meet his Christian obligations with sighs and cries. This is a day of *real* self-sacrifice, a time when much besides prayers and songs must be given for the salvation of men and the glory of God. Never was there a time when God determined to do so much through the agency of hard *cash* as to-day. And all this but gives force and emphasis to the admonition of the apostle—" *See that ye abound in this grace also.*"

I. First, Why should we abound in this grace of beneficence? Because it is an act of worship, a Christian duty, and a direct command of God—a command with promise. "Honor the Lord with thy substance, and with the first fruits of all thine increase; so shall thy barns be filled with plenty and thy presses burst out with new wine. Give and it shall be given unto you; good measure, pressed down, shaken together, and running over shall men give unto your bosom; and "it is more blessed to give than to receive." In Malachi, God challenges His people to bring their tithes into His store house,

and prove whether He will pour them out a blessing so that there should not be room enough to receive it. These passages contain the substances of many, both old and New Testament commands addressed to the people of God. And the testimony of those who give liberally, at the present time, assures us that these promises are always fulfilled. As we study the life and words of Christ we are surprised to see how often He calls attention to this great theme of Christian beneficence, and how frequently He warns His hearers against selfishness, and the danger of becoming rich without a corresponding spirit of liberality. From Genesis to Revelation the people of God are exhorted to beneficence—everywhere on the page of inspiration is this grace made prominent. That it is our duty to grow in this grace is quite evident from the fact that God has bestowed wealth in greater abundance upon us at the present time than ever fell to the lot of our father.

Every age in the history of the Church has been characterized by some special tendency. Our age can most emphatically be called the missionary, the evangelistic epoch. Never since the days of the apostles has the heart of the Christian Church felt such strong pulsations to carry the Gospel to the ends of the earth as to-day; and never as now has the world so hungered for the bread of Eternal Life. There is scarcely a nation under Heaven that has not felt more or less the recent revival in Christian

missions. With what grand success has God of late crowned all missionary enterprise. Doors that a few years ago seemed hermetically sealed to the heralds of the Cross, have been flung open to the magic touch of a missionary faith, zeal and devotion. And the opening of these doors, which has been hailed as the call of God, has gone on in quick succession until to-day we can say that the heathen world offers free access to all Christian missionaries, and echoes back the Macedonian cry—"Come over and help us." And Christian missions are no longer satisfied to occupy the mere border land of heathendom ; but are marching into their capital cities, and planting the standard of the Cross before the very doors of their heathen temples. In all this God is saying to us, "Go forward."

II. Secondly, *How* shall we abound in this grace?

This grace, we must remember that it is a grace, and as such it needs the same care and nourishment as do the other graces. We must pray more for growth in this grace. How seldom do Christians pray God to make them liberal ; we pray for others, but seldom do we pray that we ourselves may abound in liberality. Then we must strive to make this grace prominent in our lives as Christians, and put it side by side with the other graces of the Gospel. What authority have we for giving it a back seat or to neglect its growth more than the growth of love, or faith? We should exhort our people just as

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frequently and earnestly to be benevolent as we exhort them to exercise faith in the promises of God. We are too prone to measure piety by prayers and exhortations ; some can pray and exhort long after their grace of beneficence has become extinct. How often is love a mere gushing sentiment rather than a law of life ? Dr. Judson, in speaking of the enthusiasm with which he was received on his return from the foreign field, says : " My hands were almost shaken off, and my hair almost clipped from my head, by those who would let missions die for the want of aid." This is a day when Christian beneficence counts much in Heaven as well as on earth—" by their fruits ye shall know them." It was said of Cornelius, " Thy prayers and thine *alms* are come up as a memorial before God." And it is a grave question whether a man's prayers can go up alone, at a time when God is doing so much for a lost world through the benevolence and beneficence of His people. The secret of the *How* is prayer. We must pray God to open the eyes of our understanding that we may see it our duty to *abound* in this grace. The Rev. Dr. Pearson says, respecting his recent missionary tour in the old country : " In all my addresses here I have sought to impress the vital connection of *prayer* with missions. Nothing is more important—nothing is so important. The work is essentially Divine in conception and execution. This supernatural Gospel can accomplish that supernatural work

of conversion only through the supernatural power of the Holy Ghost. Prayer is the only hold we have upon the Spirit of God, and therefore prayer is the single secret of all blessing upon our work. Prayer means every other form of blessing. It means plenty of workmen, it means open doors of access, it brings plenty of money and means, it brings unction upon the workmen, it brings success of the highest sort on the field, large harvests and frequent harvests—the rain on the mown grass making the grass to grow again for another crop.” Prayer is doubtless the great means by which we are to “*abound*” in this grace.

As regards the measure of giving, there can be no definite rule laid down. As the Lord hath prospered is the New Testament rule ; and if all were fulfilling this rule there would be an abundance for the work at home and abroad. The Jews gave a tenth, and surely we ought not to think of doing less. Should any Christian rest content in this day of self-sacrifice who is not giving at least one-tenth of his income to the cause of Christ? There certainly can be no reasonable excuse given by any Christian man, woman or child for not giving one-tenth of their income to the Lord ; and there ought not to be any such excuses offered. There are many persons who say that they think they give a tenth, but there is no think about it, if they give a tenth they know it, and the Lord knows it, and the fact that they are in doubt

is a strong proof that they do not give the tenth. The practical way is to have a purse for the Lord's money, and put His money in His own purse, then see that it is taken out only for His cause ; and there certainly can be no mistake made, if we deal thus with God. We say, if men are not constrained by love to obey the Saviour, nothing else can make them do so ; and if love for souls and a desire to glorify God will not make a man give, nothing else will. As pastors, I think we should lead in this work of consecrating at least one-tenth of our salaries to the Lord's cause, then urge upon our people to follow. While we cannot drive them, I believe we can lead them, by prayer and example, to a much higher plane of liberality. What revolutions would be worked in all our Churches, if the members would give God a tenth of their incomes. This would be the practical solution as to the *how* we shall abound in this grace. There is nothing that succeeds like success ; and there is nothing that can make a Christian liberal like liberality. It is really surprising what one comparatively small Church can do by regular and systematic giving. In a tract written on the subject, "How to open the windows of Heaven," a systematic calculation is made, and the writer says: "Now suppose we worship God in our offerings only half as liberally as did the Jews, and give the cause of Christ *one-twentieth* of our income, but give it systematically ; and behold what one poor little

Church with only one hundred working members can do. Six members, each earning eighteen dollars per week, and giving one twentieth, equal \$5.40 per week. Fourteen members, each earning fifteen dollars per week, and giving one twentieth, equal \$10.50 per week. Thirty members, each earning twelve dollars per week, and giving one twentieth, equal \$18 per week. Thirty members, each earning six dollars per week, and giving one-twentieth, equal \$9 per week. Twenty members, each earning three dollars per week, and giving one twentieth, equal \$3 per week. Making a total of \$45.90 per week, or \$2,386.80 per year. From this amount deduct \$1,500 for pastor's salary ; sexton, \$208 ; gas, \$100 ; coal, \$75, and you have a balance of \$503.80. Should this little Church have a debt of \$500, it could pay the interest at six per cent. and have a balance of \$203.80, which could be distributed as follows : Foreign Missions, \$40 ; Home Missions, \$40 ; American Baptist Publication Society, \$25 ; Bible Works, \$25 ; State Works, \$25 ; Ministerial Education, \$30 ; Ministers' and Widows' Fund, \$18. The amounts are small, but they are *proportionately* much larger than any Baptist Church in the United States is giving to-day for either home expenses or benevolence. *One-twentieth* is a sum so small that few Christians earning wages would miss it ; and yet, such a sum *systematically* and *proportionately* given would make the Lord's treasury like an unfailing fountain." We

need to study carefully systematic and proportionate giving to see how little after all is given to the Lord's cause; and how few there are who do that giving. There are so many professing Christians who give comparatively nothing, that those who do give are misrepresented, by being numbered along with so many dead heads. The crying sin of the rank and file in all our Churches is that of an unjust stewardship over the Lord's money. The opportunity for the growth of beneficence was never so ripe and the needs never more widespread. And the divine Master never said more plainly to the chosen twelve than to His disciples to-day: "The harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few; pray ye, therefore, the Lord of the harvest that He will send forth laborers into His harvest." But how can they go except God's people supply the means. It is Heaven's ordained plan to save the world through human agency, "for He has put the treasure in the earthen vessel that the excellency of the power may be of God and not of us." Let us be assured of this fact, that the time has fully come when the genius of earth must clasp hands with the grace of Heaven in leading a lost world back to God.

THE CLAIMS OF THE CHURCH ON THE
PASTOR'S WIFE.

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THE CLAIMS OF THE CHURCH ON THE PASTOR'S WIFE.

It is taken for granted that the pastor's wife is a member of the Church over which her husband has the pastoral oversight. This local Church then has an equal claim upon her with all other members. This places her under solemn obligations to attend, as far as possible, all the services of the Church, and to help in its local support, as well as to aid in all the denominational enterprises, to the best of her ability. To strive by all possible means to maintain the harmony, welfare and spiritual interest of the Church, and to seek directly the salvation of the unsaved—in short, all that is required of any faithful consecrated sister of the Church, just that and no more, we believe, is the claim of the local Church upon the pastor's wife. It must be remembered that in the great majority of cases the minister's wife is not only a wife but a mother, with all the cares and duties of home pressing upon her. The little ones to be trained up in the fear of the Lord and the knowledge of his truth; for while their father may be the best man in the community, and their mother the best woman, the minister's children, so far as we have had obser-

vation, are not angels any more than are children of the good deacon. And because this woman, known as the "Pastor's wife" has the good fortune to be the wife of a minister, we see no reason why she should be persecuted by her sisters in the Church, or complained of by her brethren, because she cannot see it her duty to be at the head of the multiplicity of societies in the Church in this day, and a constant attendant at all meetings of the Church. As a rule she is expected to call upon all lady members of the Church at least three or four times a year, while they frequently feel under no obligation to return her calls. "She is the wife of our pastor, and it is her duty, and only her duty to call."

In the name of common sense and all that is right, remember that the pastor's wife is a woman, only a woman. But while I have written this, I confess there is another side to this whole question. There are solemn and important duties resting upon the wife of the minister. A claim upon her, indeed, but it is not the claim of the local Church of which she happened to be a member, but it is the claim of the Lord of the Church, and a special claim, owing to the fact that she is the minister's wife. Perhaps our dear sisters do not always understand this when they are anxious to become the minister's wife.

Every position of honor has its corresponding responsibility—for to whom much is given of them much shall be required. "Uneasy lies the head that

wears the crown," and the daughters as well as the sons of fortune must pay, and sometimes dearly too, for the position they occupy. With that all too common phrase "hire the minister," we have but little sympathy. True it is, the pastor is worthy of a generous support from the Church he serves, but even he is not the "hired servant" of the local Church, to be worked for all he is worth, then sent adrift at the pleasure or displeasure of a few irreligious cranks. But he is the servant of the Most High—"beseeching men in Christ's stead to be reconciled to God"—and as the servant of God he should be faithful to his Master in all things, as one who shall render an account of his stewardship, not unto the local Church, but unto his God. Now, we believe that in some sense there are important duties or claims, if you choose to call them such, resting upon the wife of every minister that do not rest upon the ordinary sister of the Church. And it is these higher claims resting upon the pastor's wife that the local church sometimes mistakes as its claim upon her. It is simply an error in judgment and not in heart on the part of the local Church. The discharge of these important duties is a sacred trust bestowed upon the pastor's wife, not by the Church, but by her Lord and Master. There is a sense in which the minister is above the ordinary member and in which he should be esteemed very highly for his work's sake, and every minister should strive to so live as to worthily

command this respect from the community in which he dwells. In like manner should the minister's wife strive to live as an example in holiness and consecration for her sisters. This, I think, is what the church mean, when the members sometimes remind her of her absence from the prayer-meeting. That is, they count a good deal on their minister's wife. It is a compliment paid her, not a claim upon her, in the sense of a "hired servant," and a compliment she should receive and use to the best of her ability for the glory of God and the good of souls. The pastor's wife is expected, and I think reasonably too, to be more deeply interested in the religious prosperity of the community than ordinary sisters of the Church. The people claim, if the minister is honest in his praying and desiring the welfare of souls and the progress of Zion, that his wife should share these desires, and so she should. She need not expect the people to acknowledge all her deeds of self-denial and self-sacrifice, any more than they do those of the pastor. She too is hitched to the professional cart, and must suffer the common lot of all professional characters. Still, I think, as a rule, the people are ready to recognize to a good degree all we do for them, at least I find it so. Well, what about the salary of the minister's wife? Should she not receive her pay for what she does, as well as the pastor? Yes, but not in the shape of a stated salary, separate and apart from her husband. The

pastor should receive a good liberal support from the Church he serves, enough to enable himself and family to live comfortably and dress respectably. And if the pastor and his wife be worthy of the sacred trust committed to them as the servants of the Lord then higher and purer motives than to get gain will prompt them both. I will close this talk with a clipping from the "Magazine of Christian Literature":

"We have very little sympathy with the sentiment, that happily used to be more freely expressed than it is at present, that the parish hired the minister and not the minister and wife, and that until she received her salary as well as he, the church could expect no special service of her. The idea has been ridiculed more than once that she could be supposed to be the 'assistant minister.'

"We make bold to defend the proposition that she ought to be, in a special sense, not only the 'pastor's assistant,' but the 'assistant pastor.'

"It is not necessary to carry out the analogy, and to say that the doctor's wife, while she may be the doctor's assistant, is not also an assistant doctor, and that the blacksmith's wife is not an assistant blacksmith, for the relation that subsists between the minister's wife and the souls of the parish is very different from the relation of the blacksmith's wife to the forge, or of the shopkeeper's wife to the counter.

"The minister's wife has a peculiar insight into parish problems. She can often know better than her husband himself the needs of a large section of the people to whom he ministers. She may have the entrance to secret chambers of hearts that he can never penetrate.

"We do not mean that necessarily she must be president of the sewing circle, and chief director of the annual fair, and president of the home missionary society and of the foreign board, and organizer of the young ladies' mission band, and leader of the natural meeting: we do not mean that she is to neglect one home duty or slight one home care.

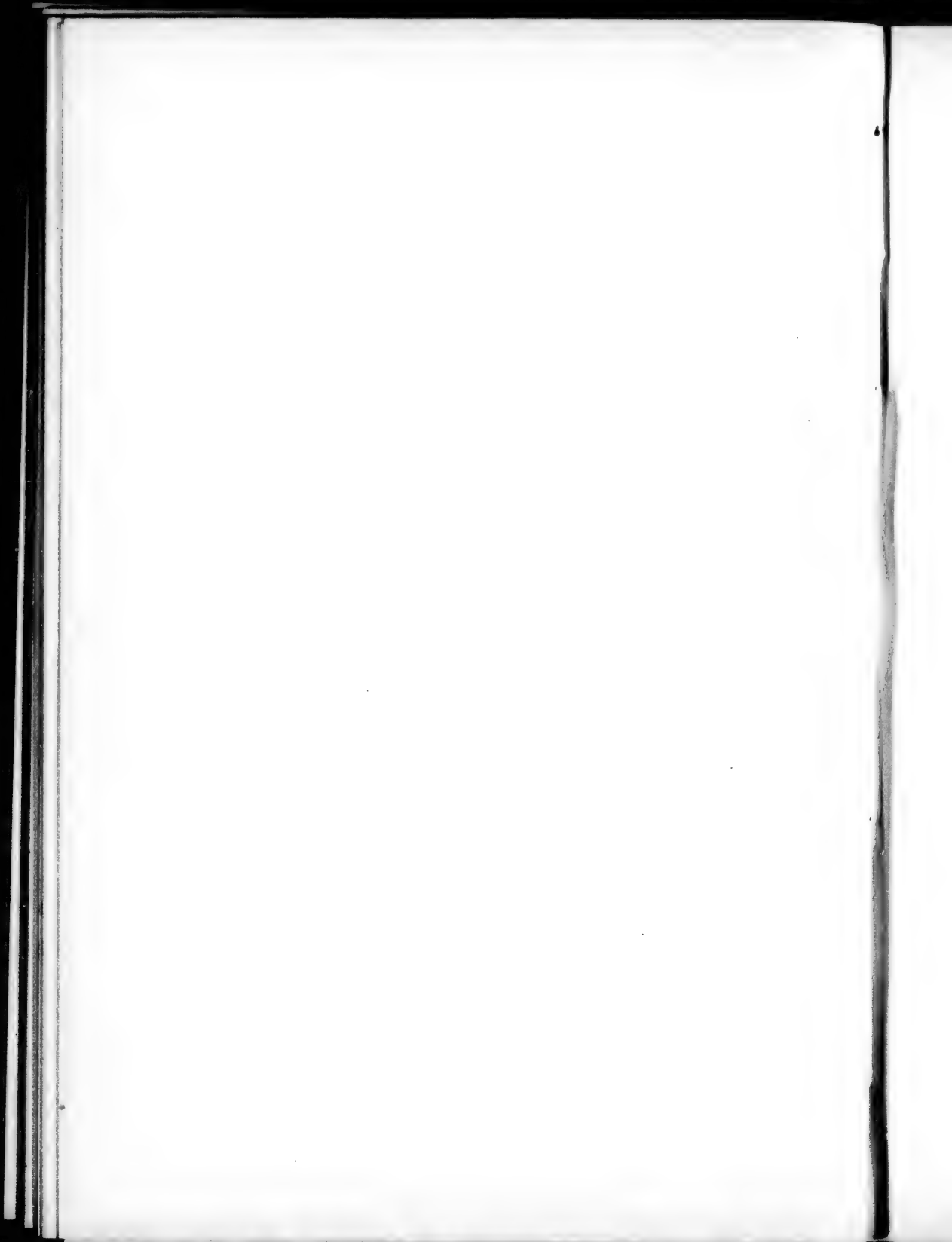
"But, though crowded with such cares, though she be blessed with 'nine small children,' she may yet find time and strength for such quiet, helpful ministrations as no one else can render so well. Though very little in public life, though holding but few offices, even among the ladies of the church, she may have an influence most potent and helpful.

"We are reminded of this truth as we recall a recent convention of young people, where, one after another, many told how much they had been helped by the minister's wife, how she had helped them to do their duty, how she had inspired their society with new life, how she had dropped the word in season, how she had run to speak to 'that young man' and this young woman.

"Surely there is no nobler mission than such a

mission. The 'pastor's assistant' is no less useful than the pastor.

"We feel like echoing the hearty exclamation of one young man in the meeting before referred to. 'I thank God for our minister's wife.'"



THE THREE GIANTS.

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THE THREE GIANTS.

In the old Third Book of Lessons there was a chapter that bore the above caption. As boys we were always delighted when in the course of our reading we came to the "Story of the Three Giants." It was a quaint old story that personified the power of *water*, *wind* and *steam*, under the names of Aquafuens, Ventosus and Vaporifer. These three giants are still with us laboring and toiling for the good of mankind. We could not dispense with them even in this nineteenth century ; for they water our deserts, waft our ships over the ocean, and hurl our railcars across the continents.

But it is of three modern giants I propose to speak. These modern giants are at work, not so much for physical as for the moral good of mankind. "Have they come to stay?" It looks like it. "Do we need them?" Most all the good people say "Yes!" Some say "No!" But they are here, and we believe here to stay ; and further, we think the world needs them, and soon the powers of darkness shall be made to feel that they are giants indeed, for their herculean strength is employed in doing good and only good. Let me introduce them that you may judge for yourself.

Here they are : " Modern Missions," " The Woman's Christian Temperance Union," and " The Young People's Movement." Giants indeed, but young, you say. Yes, but they can't help that. Already they have done a gigantic work for God and man. Let us examine more closely the character of their work—"for by their fruits ye shall know them." We will take them in the order of their age.

1. *Modern Missions.*—This modern giant is just one hundred years old,—no amateur you see, but not old. This year, 1892, we celebrate his centennial; may it be a celebration worthy of his name and memory. His mission is divine, it bears the seal and stamp of high heaven. Already he has caused the spiritual deserts to bud, and soon they shall blossom as the rose. How many questions have been settled during the last hundred years, as to the extent of his mission? To-day no thoughtful Christian will question that his mission is anything short of the ends of the earth, or the Church's obligation to pay his passage to the most distant clime. What, under God, and aided by the prayers and alms of the consecrated Church of Christ, this giant of missions will do during the next hundred years, who but an angel inspired of God can tell. His wheel is now fixed in the way of the streams of grace divine, his piston is before the energizing power of the Holy Spirit, and his sails filled with the heavenly gales of truth, and soon the message of redeeming grace and dying love shall be

told in all lands, among all peoples—then shall the end come. Giant of missions, go forth! in heaven's name, go forth, for already can we sing—

“ The morning light is breaking ;
The darkness disappears :
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears ;
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Bring tidings from afar,
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thy onward way ;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay ;
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home,
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim ‘ The Lord is come.’ ”

2. *The Woman's Christian Temperance Union.*—

Here is a giant, or giantess, of but yesterday, who is gathering strength for the future. Organized in 1874, she has in eighteen years belted the globe with the motto—“*For God and home and native land.*” This power, ordained of God, shall yet become the iconoclast to shatter and scatter that greatest foe of God and man—intemperance. Already she has blessed ten thousand hearts and homes. Miss Frances Willard suggests, when the mission is complete and the world won to prohibition, that we petition the astronomers to change the name of our world, “from

planet earth to planet concordia." The huge proportions of the W. C. T. U.'s mission will be seen at the "World's Fair" in 1893, when shall be exhibited the mammoth prohibition petition, designed for presentation in all the legislative halls of all the nations of the earth. It is thought that a steamer will be chartered to carry the great petition and its representatives around the globe. Will not the angels of God accompany these holy, consecrated women on their mission of love and mercy, and plead for them with angelic speech before the human power of earth? And shall they plead in vain? I trow not. Giant of temperance, go forth! in heaven's name, go forth! and we will sing:

"The day of the Lord at hand, at hand,
Its storms roll up the sky.
A nation sleeps. Starving in sight of gold,
The dreamers toss and sigh.
The night is darkest before the dawn,
When the pain is sorest the child is born,
And the day of the Lord at hand.

Gather you, gather you, angels of God,
Freedom and mercy and truth;
Come, for the earth has grown coward and old,
Wisdom, self-sacrifice, daring and love,
Haste to the battlefield, stoop from above,
To the day of the Lord at hand."

3. *The Young People's Movement*.—This giant is the last of the three, and shall we not say the brightest, too, since youth and vigor are on his

brow ? His appearance is most timely ; he leads a religious van, over a million and a half strong, who make up the young hosts of God. This movement bridges with loyal deed for Christ and the Church the yawning chasm between the Sunday-school scholar and man and womanhood, which in active work for God and souls has been a blank in the lives of so many professing Christians. We hail this brighter, clearer day of youthful energy in the Church of God on earth. Here is a giant of no mean proportion ; his growth is tremendous for one so young. No century plant this—it blossomed in a night. A century is too long for mortals to wait for maturity. The Bible makes much of to-day. “To-day if ye will hear His voice.” “Go work to-day in My vineyard.” What we purpose to do for God must be done to-day—“to-morrow never yet on any human being rose or set.” This rejoicing giant assures us that the religion of Jesus becomes the buoyancy of youth quite as well as the decrepitude of old age. The robes of righteousness shine with even a brighter lustre upon the lads and lasses than upon the grey-haired pilgrims. “*Begin further back*” is the motto which this giant holds before the world. “Beat not your knuckles,” says Frances Willard, “against the granite of mature character, when you can mould the clay of the three-year-old’s habit and intention.” The hope of the Church in taking up the great burden of a world’s salvation is to be found in this movement among the

young people. Giant of youth, go forth ! in heaven's
name, go forth ! as we sing—

“ Onward, Christian soldiers, marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus going on before,
Christ, the royal Master, leads against the foe ;
Forward into battle, see His banners go.

Like a mighty army moves the church of God ;
Brothers, we are treading where the saints have trod.
We are not divided, all one body we,
One in hope and doctrine, one in charity.

Crowns and thrones may perish, kingdoms rise and wane,
But the church of Jesus constant will remain..
Gates of hell can never 'gainst that church prevail ;
We have Christ's own promise, and that cannot fail.

Onward, then, ye faithful, join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices, in the triumph song :
Glory, laud, and honor, unto Christ the King ;
This, through countless ages, men and angels sing.”

aven's

ERRING IN VISION—STUMBLING IN
JUDGMENT.

ERRING IN VISION—STUMBLING IN JUDGMENT.

The above caption well describes the condition of those who tarry long at the wine. Of all the sins to which the young man of to-day is exposed, the intoxicating cup is foremost.

Mr. Lawrence, who went to Boston a poor boy, and afterwards became a successful and wealthy merchant, when speaking of his attitude to tobacco and the wine-cup, said: "In the first place, take this as your motto at the commencement of your journey, that the difference of going *just right* or a *little wrong*, will be the difference of finding yourself in good quarters or in a miserable bog or slough at the end of your journey." Ah! how important to be *just right* on this question of Temperance. Think of the bright intellects that have "erred in vision and stumbled in judgment" over the wine-cup. The gifted Charles Lamb thus uttered his sad wail as he stumbled: "The waters have gone over me; but, if out of the black depth I could be heard, I would cry out to all those who have but one foot in the perilous flood. Could the youth, to whom the flavour of his first wine is delicious as the opening scene of life, or

entering upon some newly-discovered paradise, look into my desolation and be made to understand what a dreary thing it is when a man shall feel himself going down a precipice with open eyes and a passive will—to see his destruction and have no power to stop it, yet feel it all the way emanating from himself; to see all goodness emptied out of him, yet not be able to forget a time when it was otherwise; to hear about the piteous spectacle of his own ruin; could he see my fevered eyes, feverish with last night's drinking, and feverishly looking for to-night's repetition of the folly; could he but feel the body of the death out of which I cry hourly, with feeblener outcry, to be delivered—it were enough to make him dash the sparkling beverage to the earth in all its mantling temptations.”

St. Ambrose tells of a man who was warned by his physician that unless he stopped drinking he would lose his eyesight. He replied thus: “Farewell sweet sight then; I must have pleasure in that sin; I must drink, though I drink out my eyes, and farewell light and all.”

Dr. Guthrie gives a sad picture of what he had seen in drinking homes during his ministry at Edinburgh. He says: “I have heard the wail of children crying for bread, and their mothers had none to give them. I have seen the babe pulling breasts as dry as if the starved mother had been dead. I have known a father turn a step-daughter into the street at night,

bidding the sobbing girl, who bloomed into womanhood, earn her bread there as others were doing. I have bent over the foul pallet of a dying lad to hear him whisper, and his father and mother, who were sitting half-drunk by the fireside, had pulled the blankets off his body to sell them for drink. I have seen the children blanched like plants growing in the cellar—for weeks they never breathed a mouthful of fresh air for want of rags to cover their nakedness, and they lived in continual terror of a drunken father or mother coming home to beat them. I don't recollect ever seeing a mother in these wretched dwellings dandling her infant or hearing the little creature crow or laugh. These are some of Drink's doings; but nobody can know the misery and suffering amid these scenes of wretchedness, woe, want, and sin."

Ah! reader, this is how they "err in vision and stumble in judgment" over the wine-cup; as you value your never-dying soul and all the hopes and promises of life that are dear, shun this destroyer. Be warned by these tales of woe and suffering. May God save those who are putting their foot for the first time over the threshold which leads to "erring in vision and stumbling in judgment." What are we doing to save men from stumbling? What can we do? These are hard questions to answer. This whole traffic in strong drink is so interwoven with political matters, that by times there seems but little

hope of doing anything. We must not underrate the power of this evil. Strong drink destroyed the five great civilizations of the ancient world, and to-day it hangs like a great black pall over all that this present civilization holds dear and sacred. What is our hope that this evil will not destroy our boasted civilization? There can be but one hope, and that is that God will ere long rise in His mighty power and wipe out this curse as He did slavery. Our present civilization must be the instrument in the hands of God to destroy the liquor traffic, or the liquor traffic will be the instrument in the hands of Satan to destroy our civilization. We can read our own history in the language of the prophet: "But they also have erred through wine, . . . they err in vision, they stumble in judgment."

1. *They also have erred.* "They," the sons of Judah, took no warning from the sad fate of Israel. It is hard to take warning from the fate of others. No power of logic, nor eloquence of speech, nor example of suffering, can break the spell that binds the drunkard to his cups. Our only hope is to save the rising generation. If we can only persuade the boys and the girls of to-day to have nothing to do with this evil, in twenty-five years there would scarcely be a drunkard upon the face of the earth.

2. *The priest and the prophet have erred.* There are no circles too holy for this destroyer to enter;

the loveliest and dearest hopes of humanity have suffered from its deadly sting. It has frequently entered the holy and sacred calling of the ministry, and dragged the priest from the altar. Some of the brightest intellects of which the human race can boast, along with those who have possessed the richest poetic genius, have been blasted and cut down in the full strength of their manhood by strong drink. Charles Lamb, Hartley Coleridge, Edgar Allen Poe, Lord Byron, and Robert Burns, are only examples of the great army marching on to death and hell—while men *smile* and *drink* and *vote* and *die*.

3. *They err in vision, they stumble in judgment.*

How men have erred on this whole question of prohibition. To-day it is impossible to get from our courts of law a righteous judgment on the liquor question. "They err in vision, they stumble in judgment," from the chief justice down to the petty magistrate. If you want a proof of this go into the court-room, when the policeman leads in another cripple to be tried for the violation of our "Scott Act," and listen to the crooked swearing that is done over an open Bible, and you have an object lesson as to how men "err in vision and stumble in judgment" through strong drink.

But how does this whole question of temperance and intemperance stand politically? That is a most practical question, and I shall try to put the answer in a nutshell, and, also, point out the only available

power, humanly speaking, that is able to break the spell that binds the hands of justice. Let us never forget that the stronghold of the rum power is the ballot-box. In Canada to-day the rum party holds the balance of power at the polls. The present government is held in power by the rum party, and through this rum party the Liberals are trying to get into power. It is not a question of temperance with either of these parties, it is a question of power. What we need, as temperance people, is to wrench this balance of power from the rummies, and that can only be done by securing a larger number of independent voters than they possess. Why not do this, says someone, and have the politicians fawning over us as they do over the rum party? Simply because there are not enough independent voters in Canada to stand for temperance. And until we secure this majority we need not expect a prohibitory law. Do I mean a third party? no, we are sick of parties now. We need independent, honest voters, men untrammelled by party. Neither of these old parties can quite see their way clear to kill the hen that lays the golden egg, and, from *their* standpoint, who can blame them. That is the political side of the question to-day.

But thanks be unto God there is a brighter star of hope on the political horizon, whose lustre no smirking politicians can dim. That star is the star of "woman suffrage," and may God hasten the day

when it shall reach its highest altitude, and by the over-ruling hand of the Most High become a fixed star in the zenith of the political heavens. Woman suffrage must prevail—Eternal justice demands it! Woman has suffered the most shameful degradation through strong drink, and without power to shield herself from the insult. Her prolonged and united cries for deliverance from this curse is entering into the ears of the Lord God of Sabaoth, and deliverance must come. And, if we see aright, this recent movement among the holy and consecrated women of our land, is an answer from God to their united prayer for help. To-day they are 250,000 strong in America, and soon their power will be felt at the ballot-box, to deliver their sons and daughters from the withering curse of strong drink. The W.C.T.U. is of God, and its power will soon be acknowledged in political circles. It is, doubtless, the great means, under God, to hasten the rising of that last and brightest political star—the star of “woman suffrage”—and may the Almighty hasten the day, when every mother, wife, and sister that is suffering from the curse of strong drink, shall have a vote against it; then it will go politically, and not till then. I firmly believe the day is not far distant in Canada, when no government will dare to peril the best interests of the bright boys and girls of our fair Dominion, as is the case to-day, for nine millions of revenue. I am also a firm believer in the prophecy of that most worthy heroine of

purity, that brightest of literary stars in the female heavens—Miss Frances E. Willard, who has said, "*The Saloon must go*"—and we add the humble prayer, May the Almighty God precipitate its fall.

Female
said,
umble
fall.

THE BIBLE AND MOTHER ON
PROHIBITION.

THE BIBLE AND MOTHER ON PROHIBITION.

The Holy Bible has uttered its anathema against intoxicating drinks. When intoxicants were first discovered and used by men we cannot tell ; but the earliest accounts of drunkenness, of which we have any reliable record, are those of Noah and Lot. But this we know, the Bible denounces drunkenness and teaches prohibition in both Old and New Testaments; and those who tell us that strong drink is one of the good creatures of God, will find it difficult to harmonize their statements with the open denunciations of Holy writ, against this evil.

“Woe unto them that rise up early in the morning that they may follow strong drink ; that continue until night, till wine inflame them.

“Woe unto them that are mighty to drink wine and men of strength to mingle strong drinks ; which justify the wicked for a reward and take away the righteousness of the righteous from him.

“Woe to the drunkards of Ephraim whose glorious beauty is a fading flower, which are on the head of the fat valleys that are overcome with wine.

“Woe unto him that giveth his neighbour drink,

that putteth the bottle to him, that maketh him drunken also.

"Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging, and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise.

"Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth its colour in the cup, when it moveth itself aright, at last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder.

"If meat make my brother to offend I will eat no flesh while the world standeth, lest I make my brother to offend."

We have here a strong deliverance of revelation on the question of temperance, and who will say that prohibition and total abstinence is not taught in the strongest sense of the words? Christ denounced the use of strong drink in no measured terms. God thundered through the patriarchs his fiercest invectives against its use in any way, and St. Paul declares : "The drunkard shall not inherit the kingdom of heaven."

There are in all, I believe, some one hundred and sixty-seven places in the Bible where wine is denounced. About seventy passages in the Old Testament alone which lift their warning voices against the evils of strong drink. Twelve of these passages speak of wine as poisonous and venomous ; nine prohibit it strongly, and five are unqualified in their denunciations of its deadly and destructive power. But in the presence of all this we are fre-

quently told that our Saviour made and used intoxicants. That would bring the word of God in conflict with itself. Explain Paul's advice to Timothy, and the fact that Christ turned the water into wine at the marriage at Cana of Galilee, as you please—the two wine theory is satisfactory to me—but others can take any theory they wish, I have only this to say, that the Sacred Book condemns with an overthrow drunkards and drunkard makers from Genesis to Revelation. And to say that Jesus Christ made and used intoxicating wines in direct opposition to the solemn warnings of the Bible is false. Wine that has in it these intoxicating and deadly elements finds no favor in the word of God.

There are some very learned men, some wise statesmen, some over-heated party politicians who find it a most difficult thing to settle whether the Bible teaches prohibition or not ; but the wayfaring man, though a fool, need not err therein. To him it is as clear as the noon-day sun, that the Bible declares temperance in all things, and prohibition and total abstinence from that which destroys men both soul and body, for time and eternity. The next generation of Christians will read this same Bible without being able to find the slightest permit to use strong drink from first to last. Thirty years ago England forced the opium upon China, to-day she repents, saying the opium trade is a sin and it should be abandoned. Well may we ask—"How readest thou, moderate

drinker." There are some people who love to argue on this question of Bible temperance. They remind us much of the Irishman, who, after listening to a lady discoursing on the glories of the sun, said : "Yes madam, the sun is a very fine body to be sure. But in my opinion the moon is much more useful ; for the moon affords us light in the night time when we really need it ; whereas we have the sun with us in the day time, when we have no occasion for him." There can be no mistake as to the import of Scripture : "Hear thou my son and be wise, and guide thine heart in the way. Be not among wine-bibbers ; for the drunkard shall come to poverty, and drowsiness shall cover a man with rags."

"Who hath woes, who hath sorrows, who hath contentions, who hath redness of eyes, who hath babblings, who hath wounds without a cause ? They that tarry long at the wine, they that go to seek mixed wine." In these divine warnings against the destroyer, temperance people can read prohibition and total abstinence in every line. Yet many say, "we can't see it." They remind us much of Pat and the country blacksmith. The blacksmith said, Pat, you owe me a dollar for shoeing your horse. "Well, now, does you tell me so," said Pat. "Now, if you will make me *sinsible* that I owe you, I will pay you, but you can't make me *sinsible*." It matters not how plainly God has written against the evils of strong drink, there are men you can't make "*sinsible*" of

the truth: "For the god of this world hath blinded the eyes of those who believe not, lest the light of the glorious gospel of the Son of God should shine in unto them."

MOTHER.

Some time ago I read a piece from a religious paper entitled—"The Old Woman," which seemed to express many of our hopes and fears in the cause of temperance. The writer stated that he had dropped into the Academy of Music in New York City, where a notorious infidel was giving a Sabbath's evening entertainment. It was an expectant assemblage of people, who wanted an entertainment and they got it. From first to last the "*show*" was an irreverent assault upon all that civilization holds dear. It kicked over the shrines of a people, mocked at the hopes and aspirations of mankind, reduced reverence to a jeer and the Bible to a burlesque. When it was over and the crowd was making its way toward the door, a young man spied his friend coming down the stairs and said: "Hallo, Bill! well there isn't anything left, is there? He made a clean sweep of it, did he not?" *Bill* was a stalwart brown-faced young man from the country, who said: "Well, I d'know, Hank, I kinder feel that the old woman's got a grip on me yet." It was an unconscious testimony of something woven into the very fibre of his being.

This same gentlemen a short time after was called to visit one of the hardest cases in Auburn State

prison. He was what they call in the prison a "lifer," that is one imprisoned for life. When the visitor entered his cell the prisoner dropped his head, the visitor saw on the prisoner's wrist a spot of India ink. After a few moments of silence the prisoner lifted his head a little, and pointing to the letters on his wrist said, "Do you know what that is?" Yes said the visitor, we all did that when we were young. Well said the prisoner, "I was a kid when I did that; those are the letters of my mother's name. Me mother was the only sweetheart I ever had, and I pricked her name on my arm—Will anything take that out?" The visitor got no needed information from the poor wretch and soon left his cell. The moral is not far to seek. Behold a mother's influence! Here were two cases in which mother's kindly old face haunted the men, and her early influence, the only influence that vice and crime could not eliminate. Thank God "the old woman" still lives and her undying influence is wielded to-day in the cause of temperance as never before. We all know something of it. It is first and last. The dying soldier calls for it on the battle-field or in the lonely hospital.

It is said that the Jews had a notion that there was somewhere in the spinal vertebra of the human body an indestructible germ from which was evolved a spiritual body. There appears to be at least this indestructible germ of a mother's love which defies the power of sin to destroy it.

Well, reader, you may differ with me, but I have more hope for the cause of temperance from *mother's* grip on her boy than in all the petitions you can pile up before rum-drinking governments and the rotten, contemptible side issues of party politicians. Mothers, no prohibitory law can perform the solemn duties which belong to you. Yours is a toil of love which will never cease so long as sin exists in human hearts. Be assured of this, your labor and influence will bear fruit in the lives of your sons, when every other influence has become defaced by sin and crime. Mother's kindly old face and undying love follows her boy in the haunts of crime, or amid the dungeon cell of the criminal. "*Will anything take that out?*" Set to your seals that by "mother's" influence victory belongs to the cause of temperance. This diabolical traffic in strong drink has two undying enemies who will never quit the field until the last trump shall sound, or this curse pass away,—for *God* and the *mothers* are against it. Die it must; die it will. God Almighty hasten the day.

Friends of temperance, hope on, labor on, pray on; the enemy will die hard, but die he must—for the *Bible* and *mother* are against him.



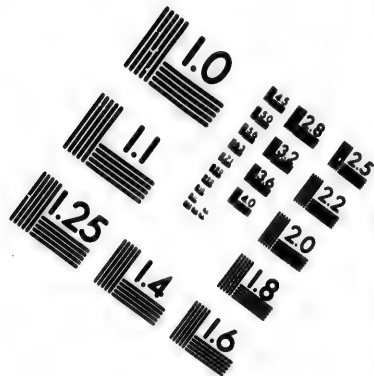
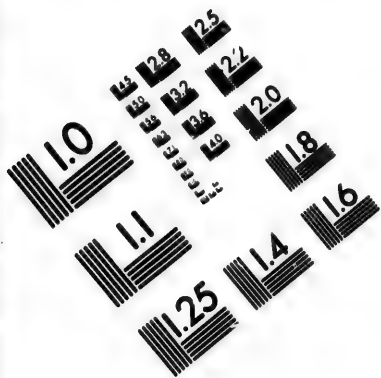
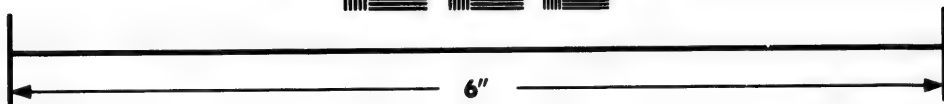
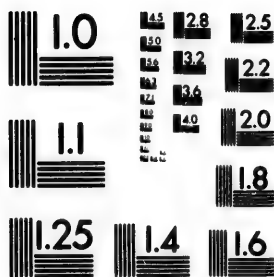


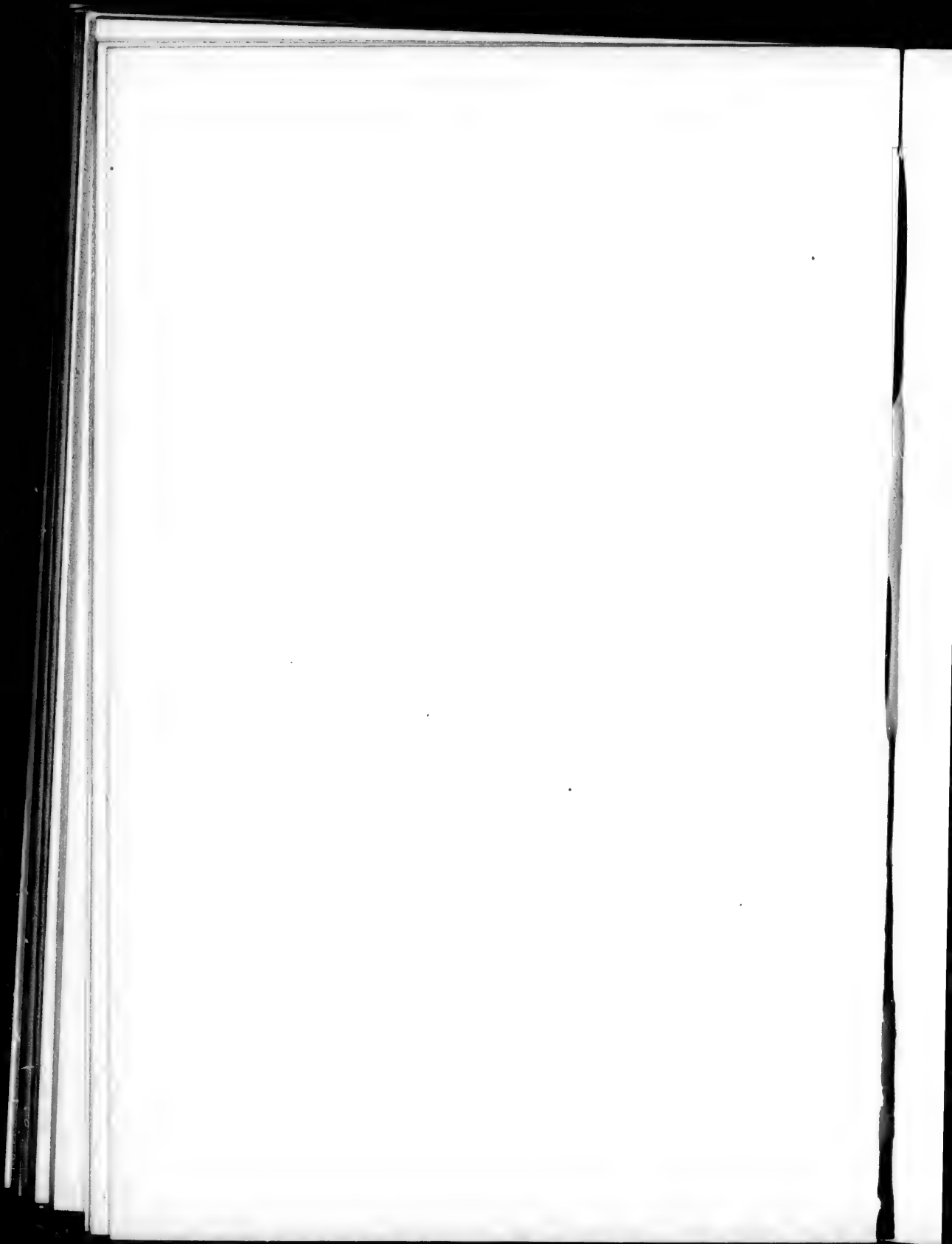
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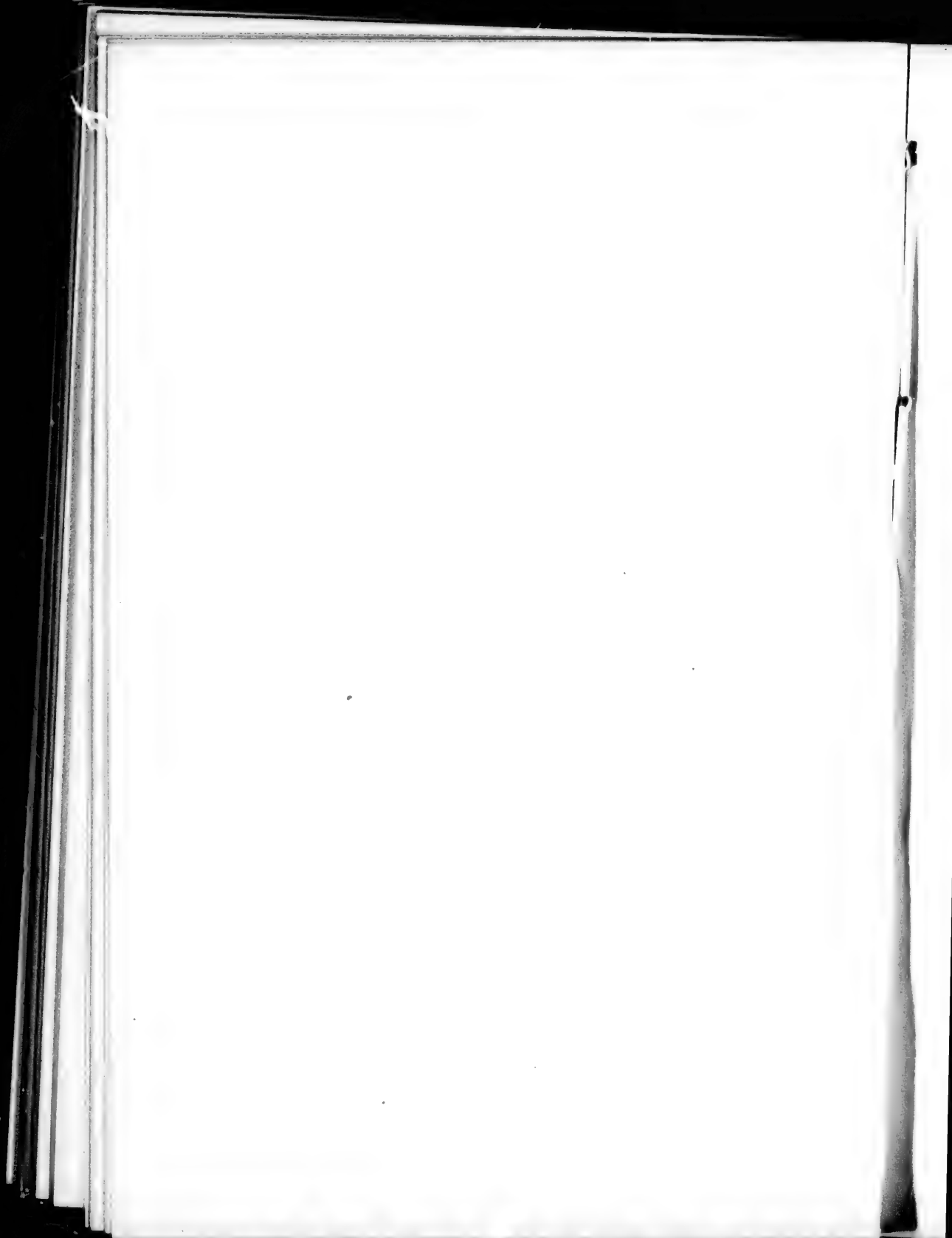
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CAREY'S MISSIONARY QUALITIES.



CAREY'S MISSIONARY QUALITIES.

I purpose to relate a few of the minor incidents in the life of William Carey as examples of that *faith*, *courage*, *zeal* and *tact*, qualities which well fitted him to become the founder of modern missions and the great Baptist Apostle of India.

Faith.—Carey's faith in the God of missions was undying. In this, like Paul, he stood alone ; like Job's, his friends were, indeed, "miserable comforters." After months and years of holy meditations upon the needs of the heathen, his faith enabled him to launch his scheme at a ministerial conference, but he was met by the hot anger of the presiding officer thus : "You are a miserable enthusiast. Nothing can be done before another Pentecost, when an effusion of miraculous gifts, including the gift of tongues, will give effect to the commission as at the first." As for the effusion of the Holy Ghost, Carey had it already in his soul ; and one who could acquire a good readable knowledge of the French language in three weeks, without grammar or dictionary, could almost claim the gift of tongues.

At another conference he proposed the following as a suitable question for discussion : "Have the

churches of Christ done all they ought to have done for heathen nations?" It was like a bolt from a clear sky. Pastor John Ryland was the first to recover from the shock, and cried out, "Young man, sit down; when God wants to convert the heathen world He will do so without your help or mine either." It was uninspired prophecy, however, for God needed them both, and used them both in the conversion of the heathen.

"Truth crushed to earth shall rise again,
The eternal years of God are her's."

To-day Carey's question echoes from India, Africa and the most distant isles of the sea, on every breeze that sweeps the ocean; it comes back in Macedonian cries, as if inspired of God—"Have the churches of Christ done all they ought to have done for the heathen nations?"

On arriving in India, for five months he was hindered by the East India Company from doing any aggressive missionary work. During these months Mr. Thomas, who had formerly been in India as a surgeon, and who had now gone out with Mr. Carey as a missionary, had directed the finances until there were none left to direct. His old creditors came down upon him and stripped them of all their effects. At this juncture Thomas put out his sign as a surgeon, and left Mr. Carey a stranger in a strange land, with a sickly, half-crazed wife and four children, without money, friends, or employment. In all this the good

man never lost faith in God nor hope in the mission. Uncheered by a friendly voice, and taking with him a family who thought it hard to leave Calcutta to die in the wilderness, he started on a journey of forty miles up river in pursuit of employment ; but before the journey was half over, provisions were all gone, children were crying for bread, wife under a partial fit of insanity chiding him most severely for having robbed them of the bare necessities of their English home, to meet a sadder doom in the land of darkness and superstition. The scenes of extremity so graphically portrayed in the scriptures of Hagar and her thirsty child, Elijah by the failing brook, the widow of Zarephath, do not present more touching scenes than the one before us in the life of our missionary hero. But the God who opened the eyes of Hagar to behold the living spring of water, and fed His servant Elijah by means of the raven, and stayed the meal in the barrel and the oil in the cruse, raised up for His servant Carey in this hour of great need a life-long friend in the person of Mr. Short. Mr. Short was an English officer, who, by the faith of Carey, was afterwards led to Christ, and became a life-long friend to missions. These may be taken as some of the minor examples of Mr. Carey's faith in the promises of God and in the cause of missions.

Courage.—His courage was equal to his faith. This he possessed from childhood, and it grew and strengthened with his years. After he became famous, his

neighbor used to remark: "Whatever he undertook he finished." A large tree grew on the village school ground; to reach a certain high-up branch was the goal of ambition among the boys. William, one day while making the attempt, came rather unceremoniously to the ground, breaking one of his legs. After being confined to the house for several weeks, on getting out, the first thing he did was to climb that tree and poise himself on the much-coveted branch, just to show the boys that it could be done. This indomitable purpose of will was much needed in after years, and well fitted him for heroic deeds in the land of darkness and superstition.

Zeal.—For an example of the zeal that characterized this man of God, look in upon that "consecrated cobbler," over whose door hung this sign—

BOOTS AND SHOES

MADE AND MENDED, BY

W. CAREY.

Within sat a care-worn man of twenty-eight years, burdened with a family and a sick, melancholy wife. On the wall hung a rude map made by pasting together a few sheets of paper, on which was set forth the condition of the heathen world. About him, on the pile of scrap-leather, were books of Hebrew, Greek, French and Latin, held open with lasts or old boots up for repairs. Here our veteran missionary toiled, studied and prayed until the hopeless condition

of a lost world burned its way in his soul and produced that missionary zeal which many waters could not quench nor bitter persecutions abate.

Tact.—Mr. Carey possessed to a large degree that commodity which we call tact or skill. It is an essential to success in Canada as well as in India. Skill in handling men and things, or, in other words, common sense, is the special gift of God. Some one has wisely said, "If a minister lacks education or special training for his calling, these he may secure; but if he lack common sense, God have mercy on him." One of our missionaries on the field has recently said: "The missionary will be all the better equipped if he can handle a gun, cook his own food on a pinch, manage a boat, work with carpenter's and other tools, care for the sick, and is thoroughly posted on all the ins and outs of a Canadian farmer's life." Carey, at his trade, in the pulpit, on pastoral visitations, stirring the souls of his brethren to the enterprise of foreign missions, in India dealing with the sophistry of the Brahmins, guiding converts, securing means, drawing men to himself, founding schools and colleges, and forming societies, showed himself a man endowed with a large amount of tact or common sense.

These qualities, under God, made Carey a great man and a successful missionary. They are, doubtless, possessed to some degree by the ordinary missionary of our day. The circumstances have something to do in calling forth the latent powers of the

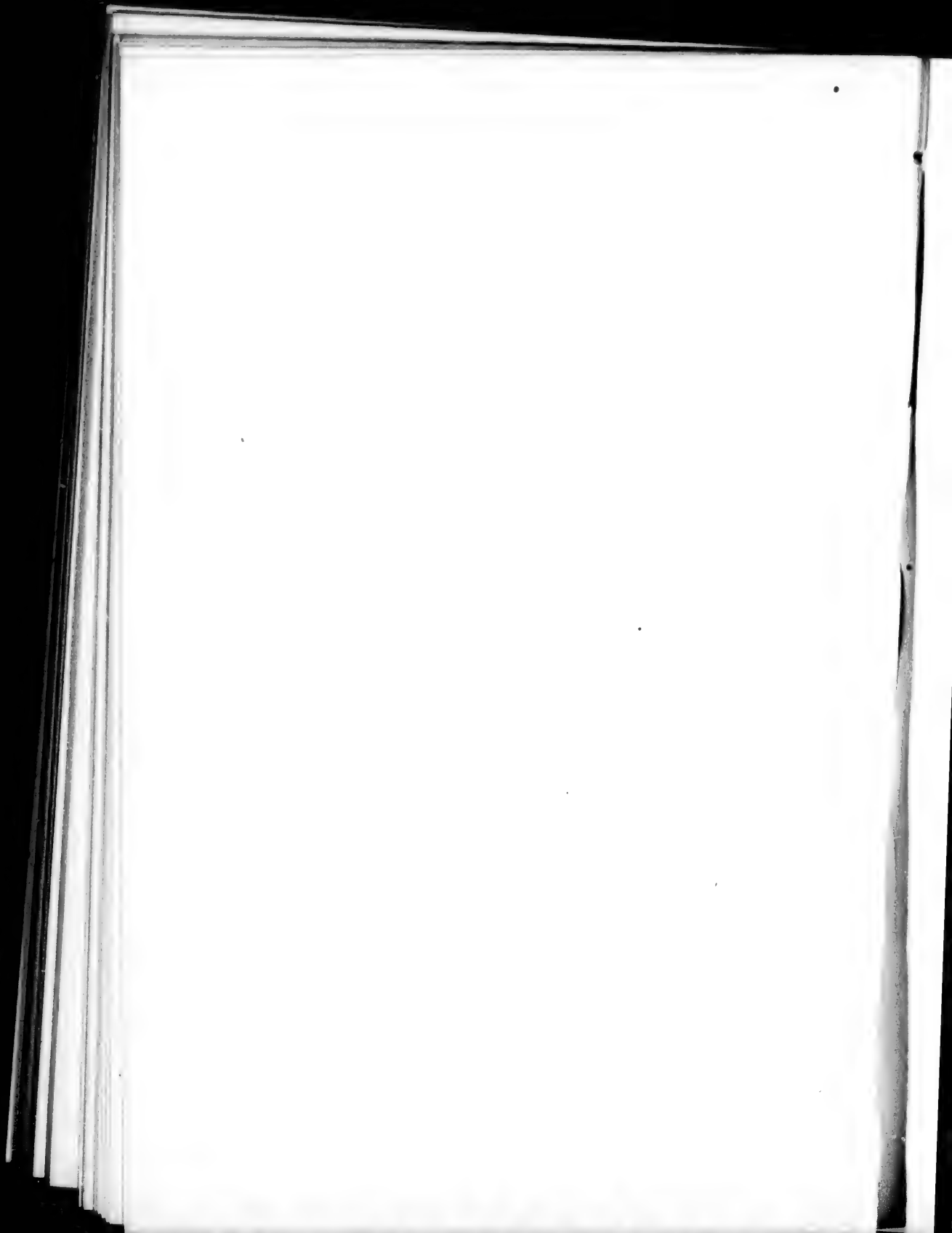
missionary. I say this, lest some on whom God is putting His hand should be discouraged, seeing they possess not these essential qualities after the bold type of Carey. But unless they possess them, each and all, to a good degree, they had better examine well their call and be assured of the voice that speaks to them: "My sheep hear My voice." This is true in the call of the missionary. God makes no mistakes in calling; and unless we err in hearing, the right man will appear. But be it remembered, Carey himself laid no claim to special gifts. He said to his nephew, "Eustace, if after my removal any one should think it worth while to write my life, I will give you a criterion by which you may judge of its correctness. If he give me credit for being a plodder, he will describe me justly. Anything beyond this will be too much. I can plod. I can persevere in any definite pursuit. To this I owe everything."

Whether or not it can be truthfully said that Abraham Lincoln went up to God bearing the shackles of four million of Southern slaves, it can be most truthfully declared that on the evening of June the 9th, 1834, William Carey went up to God bearing the spiritual shackles of India's hundreds of millions, there to receive from the Eternal Father the welcomed plaudit: "*Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joys of thy Lord.*"

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PAUL'S HELPERS.



PAUL'S HELPERS.

Seldom do we hear a sermon on Paul's helpers, or on Gospel helpers in general. They are a noble class of which history says but little ; but while earth fails to record their deeds, heaven does not. We read and talk much about Paul, and well we may, for God declares him a "chosen vessel to bear His name unto the Gentiles." But we will do well to give an occasional glance at Paul's helpers. Paul did not forget them, however much we may. How frequently he speaks of them in his epistles, how fervently he prayed for them. He calls them his "true yoke fellows," and "beloved of the Lord." He also speaks of some of them by name. Phebe, our sister, who is a servant of the Church at Cenchrea. She had now gone to Rome, perhaps on business, and Paul, in the closing chapter of his letter to the Romans, speaks of her by way of introduction to the Church at Rome. As much as to say, brethren, take care of this good sister, show her about your city ; if she is in need of help, help her, for she herself has been a help to many and to myself also. Doubtless Phebe's home at Cenchrea was open to the servants of the Lord, and all who were in need. It was a fine recommendation

for Pastor Paul to give to one of his people, going abroad among strangers. It is good for a pastor to be able to say of the members of his Church when they go abroad, Sister or Brother —— is an active member of my Church, ready for every good word or work in the Lord. In this letter to the Romans Paul speaks also of Priscilla and Aquila, his helpers in Christ Jesus, "who have for my sake laid down their own necks ; for whom not only I give thanks, but also all the Churches of the Gentiles." Helping others is service rendered directly to Christ. "Inasmuch as ye do it unto one of these the least of my brethren ye do it unto me." I am glad Paul spoke so many encouraging words about his helpers. And for the encouragement of those who are doing what they can to help on the cause of God, let me speak a word from the pastor's standpoint to you.

First, I recommend that you read carefully the closing chapter of Paul's epistle to the Romans, also the 16th chapter of I. Corinthians, to see how highly pastor Paul esteemed his helpers. Sometimes helpers get discouraged in the work and conclude, "Well, I can't do much, guess I am not fitted for this work." This is sometimes the feeling of the superintendent in the Sabbath school, or the teachers, or the singers, or the choir leader, or the good deacon. What these most valuable helpers need is a word of encouragement, and they should have it. It will not cost us much to speak the word of cheer to them, and it will

ease the burden on their hearts. Reader, cheer the faithful helpers. But as a rule, the more thoroughly a person is prepared as a helper in the cause of religion, the more conscious they will be of their own unfitness for the work, the more distrustful of themselves, the more they will shrink from the task. It is only the zeal of the half prepared helper—of those who have had a glimpse of the greatness of the work, but have never counted the perils of the path which lead to it—who are ready with prompt response, “Yes—we can drink of the cup; we can be baptized with the baptism.” But Paul could never have performed the herculean task he did had it not been for the noble band of helpers that surrounded him. Those wonderful achievements in Asia Minor would not have been so grand or so brilliant had it not been for the zeal, faith and courage of his faithful helpers. We are glad that Paul has made such honorable mention of them. “Aquila, Priscilla, salute my well-beloved Epaphroditus, who is the first fruits of Achaia in Christ. Greet Mary, who bestowed much labor on us. Andronicus and Junia, kinsmen and fellow prisoners. Amplias, my beloved in the Lord. Urbane, our helper in Christ, and Stachys, my beloved.” All these, along with many more at Rome, greet, salute and receive you in my name, and also in the name of Jesus. “How much,” says Paul, “they have helped me, how often they have refreshed me when others like Demas hath forsaken me, having loved

this present evil world." We are apt to give all the praise to the leaders, but God has crowned the helpers and they shall share in the glory also.

Every pastor, like Paul, knows his helpers and thanks God for them. Dr. Cuyler says: "Every minister soon comes to know who are his minute-men as well as who are his dress-parade members and who are the shirks. In the Theban army was a 'sacred battalion,' three hundred strong, who had sworn a solemn vow to stand by each other until the last drop of blood was spilled. These were the men for a close encounter or a desperate charge. The leader of every effective Church knows his sacred battalion. They are the weather-proof Christians, who consult conscience instead of the barometer on Sundays. If the minister can turn out to preach they can turn out to hear him; a sensible sheep always knows where he is salted. The prayer gathering is his spiritual home—for home is where the heart is. To such members hard work is a privilege, not a penance. Their Church has its right place both in their affections and in their cheque book. When the roll is called they always answer 'Here.'" Paul would style such Christians "true yoke fellows." Dr. Lyman Beecher was once asked how he managed to do so much work. His reply was: "It is not I, it is my Church. I preach on Sunday, but four hundred faithful Christians preach all the week." Happy the pastor who always finds his "Sacred Battalion" at their post,

ready for the bivouac or the battle. Paul thanked God for his "Sacred Battalion," and so does every honest minister of Jesus Christ. To the pastor their presence on Sunday morning is an inspiration for the day, and their absence is so much power gone.

To all who desire to join the "Sacred Battalion" of helpers in the cause of truth and righteousness, we invite you to a close study of the Bible for your models. That beautiful picture in the book of Exodus of Aaron and Hur staying up the hands of Moses until Israel prevailed, has forever immortalized the office of helpers. The story of the little captive maid from the land of Israel helping her master Naaman to try the prophet in Israel—"would God that my lord were with the prophet that is in Samaria! for he would recover him of his leprosy." Also that touching story of Jonathan helping David to escape the wrath of the king. "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ."

On the other hand, it was the curse of the inhabitants of Meroz that they helped not—"Curse ye Meroz, saith the angel of the Lord, curse ye bitterly the inhabitants thereof; because they came not to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the mighty." The late Phillips Brooks says: "Meroz stands for the shirkers; for him who is willing to see others fight the battle of life while he simply comes in to take the spoils." But the world needs "Helpers" not "Shirkers." No room for helpers, say you!

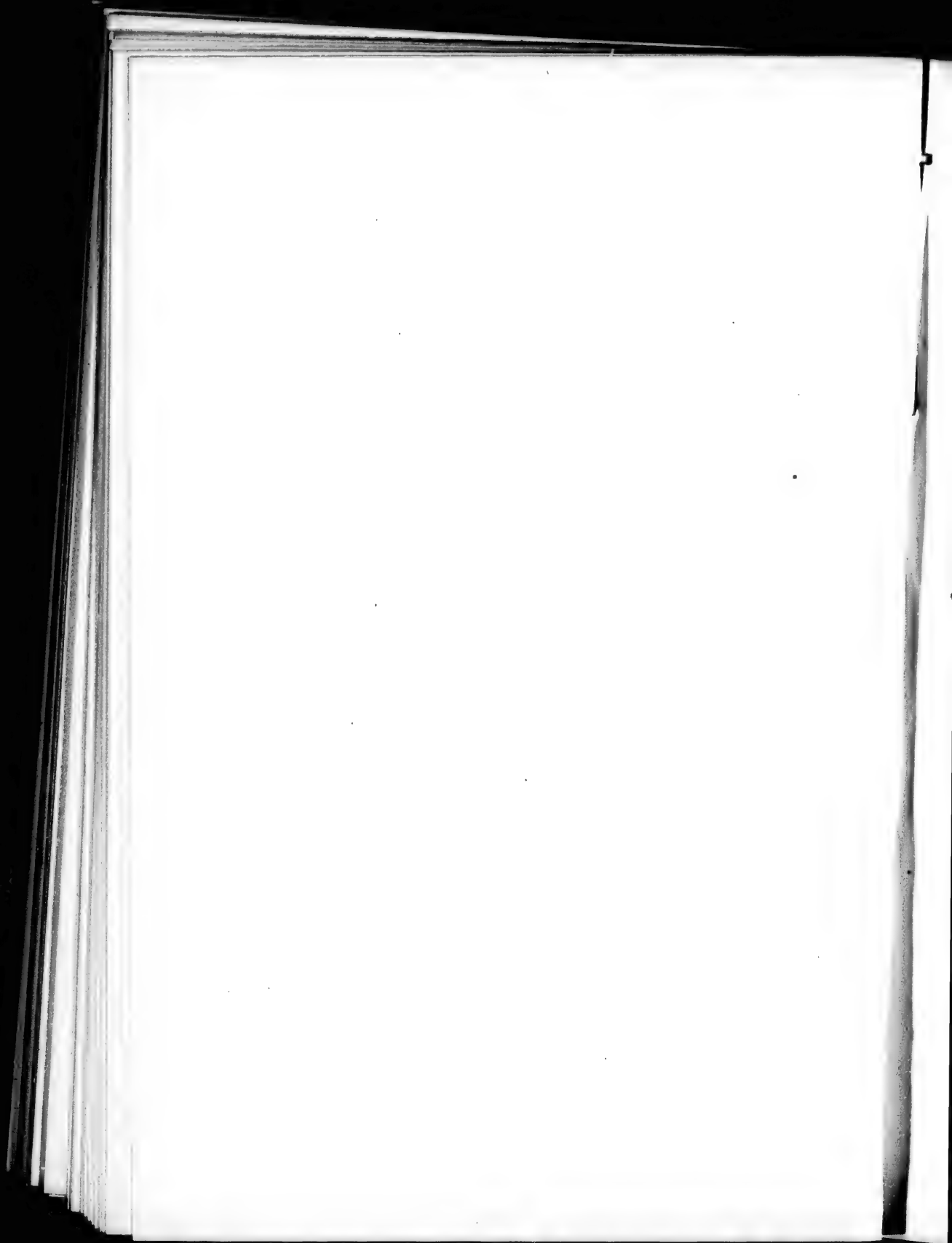
God bless you, there is a hungry, starving, fainting dying, sin-sick world, constantly uttering the Macedonian cry, "Come over and *help* us." The undying need of earth is her undying cry for help. Give us light for darkness, strength for weakness, help for our helplessness, holiness for our sin. Arouse, thee, O helper! tell them of the light, the strength, the joy, and the peace that Jesus so freely gives; stoop down, O thirsty one! and drink and live. Oh! for the spirit of Jesus that could not look upon a world's need and not help.

"Helpers" in Christ Jesus! I greet you in the name of the Lord of Hosts! I bid you cheer up and be strong in the Lord, and in the power of His might. Be assured of this fact, that your names and deeds are all recorded in the Book of His remembrance, even to the giving of a cup of cold water in the name of a disciple. For the King hath said, "They shall be mine in that day when I make up my jewels; and I will spare them as a man spareth his own son that serveth him. Then shall ye return and discern between the righteous and the wicked"—between him that "helpeth" and him that "helpeth" not.

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HE KNOWETH.



HE KNOWETH.

Moses, the man of God, is soon to climb to Pisgah's lonely top, from which to view the land of promise—a land which he himself will never enter. For on Nebo's lonely top he must die, and die alone; neither friend nor brother to close his dying eyes or receive his last message. By the Lord Himself is he buried, and “no man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day.” Moses seemed indispensable unto the Israelites, and his death occurred at what man would have called a most “inopportune” time; yet God had a man ready to step into the breach and carry forward the work of the great leader and lawgiver. There was not a day lost in the choice of a leader; the one man divinely called and fitted to do the work was Joshua. In the first chapter of the book of Joshua we have his installation service:—“The Lord spake unto Joshua, the son of Nun, Moses' minister, saying, Moses, my servant, is dead; now, therefore, arise and go over this Jordan, thou and all this people, unto the land which I do give to them, even to the Children of Israel. Every place that the sole of your foot shall tread upon, that have I given unto you, as I said unto Moses.”

But before all this took place, Moses rehearsed

God's dealings with Israel from their deliverance out of Egypt unto the present. He told them the story of their apparent disappointments, and how God had overruled them and made them the cause of their triumphs. His words are retrospective, from the past he bids them take courage for the future. For, although the earthly pilgrimage of Moses was about at an end, that of Israel was not. Moses, in his address, reminded them that many a weary month was still before them; there were still enemies to be met and conquered. But this was to be their hope and consolation: "God knoweth thy walkings through this great wilderness."

Human probation on earth may well be likened unto this wilderness journey. And that which was a source of comfort unto God's ancient people, should be a source of comfort to us: "He knoweth."

Here is a truth general: "He knoweth." They were not alone; God knew each step. Now that they had approached the land of promise for the second time, for had it not been for the unbelief of their fathers, some of them might have entered it forty years before. But although they had wandered forty years longer on account of unbelief, God had been with them every step of the journey. We can readily see how, according to His promise, He would follow them on their first march from Egypt to the borders of Canaan; but, that He should have been with them during the time of their wandering in sin

and unbelief seems strange indeed. But the lesson is clear ; He has followed us on many a journey of sin and unbelief, into many a path of disobedience since we set out for the heavenly Canaan. Should Gabriel sound the trump of God and call to judgment this night, how many of God's chosen ones would be found in doubtful company, and in doubtful places? "He knoweth" thy *wanderings*, as well as thy obedient *walkings*, through this great wilderness. The wilderness has thus been described: "It is not a wilderness in the sense of being an altogether arid place—that wilderness in which the Israelites were so long wandering. Wilderness and a complete barrenness are not synonymous in Scripture. There were palms of Elim, and wells of Moses, and beautiful withdrawn places where the grass grew, and the date-palm hung its fruit, and the flower gladdened, and the brooks laughed ; and, besides, there was manna dropping from the kindly skies, and the stream which flowed from the rock which Moses smote ; and yet it was a wilderness great and often terrible. There were vast regions of blistering sands and torrid heats, and sheer and frowning heights of desolate mountains. Besides, their path was very long and winding, and athrong with dangers and menacing with uncertainties ; and the issues of their arduous journeyings they could only see by faith, not much by sight."

Yet, how like all this is the Christian's journey in this life? Life here is not all trial, sorrow, pain or

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death ; there is much of happiness in it. It is not all a wilderness ; we have happy homes, loving hearts, tried and true friends ; there are, by times, such seasons of marked prosperity that we too often regret that some day we must die and leave it all. But, thank God for the trials that urge us on toward the better Canaan, for while there is much in this life to make it desirable, it lacks continuance. There are arid wastes, there are dark paths, sickness, sorrow, pain and death—desolate and lonely hearts to tell us that something more is needed ; the joy is too transient, too soon it fades to bloom no more.

How much like the wilderness journey is all this ? Much of life is enveloped in mystery, what lies in the path for to-morrow we know not. It may be an Elim, an oasis ; it may be a trial sharp and long. This life, too, has its unrealized ideals—our Christian lives are not up to the standards which we ourselves set. We expected to be more tender, more forgiving, more loving, less easily provoked—in a word, more Christlike than we are. You hoped for more success. You are disappointed with yourself ; God is not, you are no better, nor are you any worse, than God expected when he undertook your case.

Ours is a life like the wilderness, because of its enemies : the Egyptians, the Amalekites, the Midianites, the Moabites, the Amorites, all thronged the path of the Israelites. It is like the wilderness life because of its death. It has often been remarked

that the Israelites attended funerals forty years in the wilderness, on account of their sin. Each resting place became a graveyard. This life is no stranger to the newly made grave.

"Sure 'tis a serious thing to die ! my soul,
 What a strange moment must it be, when near
 Thy journey's end, thou hast the gulf in view !
 That awful gulf no mortal ever pass'd
 To tell what's doing on the other side.
 Nature runs back, and shudders at the sight,
 And every life-string bleeds at thought of parting ;
 To part they must : body and soul must part ;
 Fond couple ! linked more close than wedded pair.
 This wings its way to its Almighty Source,
 The witness of its actions, now its judge ;
 That drops into the dark and noisome grave,
 Like a disabled pitcher of no use."

But here is also a truth individual : "He knoweth thy walkings." "*He*" and "*thy*" are the emphatic words. "He knoweth *THY*." How well He knows, thy care, sorrow, danger and fears. This gospel of an individual Providence is full of comfort.

We are born alone, live alone, die alone, go to heaven or hell alone. "I am poor and needy," said the psalmist, "yet the Lord thinketh upon me." He watcheth thy steps : it is a necessity, for thy steps differ from the steps of all others ; just as thy sins and thy necessities differ from the sins and necessities of all others. To meet these the knowledge must be personal. "He knoweth" thee, in each act and thought. Your friends, too often, only know you at

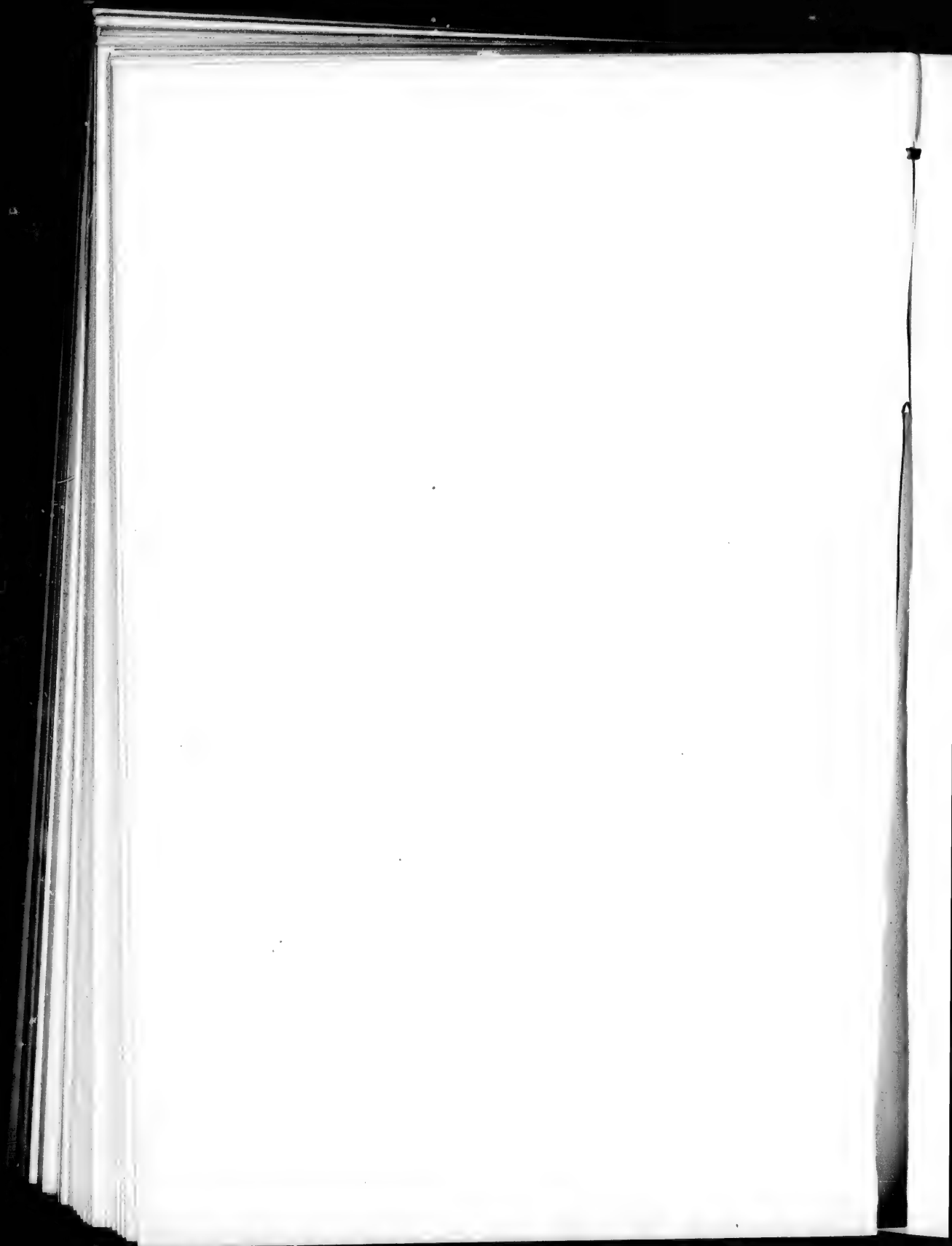
your worst ; God knows you in tears of bitter confession and heart repentance. The priests and scribes knew Peter as a blasphemer, God knew him as a humble penitent—for "he went out and wept bitterly." The omniscience of Jehovah must ever be our comfort on this journey of life. The Almighty Father knows in the sense that He provides for our necessities, as we journey through this great wilderness of a world. There is water for the thirsty, and daily manna for the hungry, as we travel towards the heavenly Canaan.

"Like unto ships far off at sea,
Outward or homeward bound, are we.
Before, behind, and all around
Floats and swings the horizon's bound,
Seems at its distant rim to rise
And climb the crystal walls of the skies,
And then again to turn and sink,
As if we could slide from its outer brim.
Ah ! it is not the sea,
It is not the sea that sinks and shelves,
But ourselves
That rock and rise
With endless and unceasing motion,
Now touching the very skies,
Now sinking into the depths of ocean.
Ah ! if our souls but poise and swing
Like the compass in its brazen ring,
Ever level and ever true
To the toil and the task we have to do,
We shall sail securely, and safely reach
The Fortunate Isles, on whose shining beach
The sights we see, and the sounds we hear,
Will be those of joy and not of fear."—*Longfellow.*

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"GET THEE TO SHILOH."

Jeroboam, King of Israel, is in a great strait. In the day of his prosperity he turned from the place and simplicity of Jehovah's worship. His sin is ripe to-day, and thousands are walking in his footsteps.

Let us sketch, briefly, his history, and note his mistake. Jeroboam was not of the regular line of kings, but was chosen from among the people and exalted to be king over Israel. God highly honoured Jeroboam in this, but he soon forgot the Lord his God, and did that which was evil in His sight. But God had declared, by the prophet Ahijah, that the kingdom should be taken from Solomon and given to His servant: "I will surely rend the kingdom from thee, and will give it to thy servant." Jeroboam, one of Solomon's chief men, a young man, and a man of growing popularity, had been chosen of the Lord to receive the kingdom. To this end Jeroboam was anointed, by the prophet Ahijah, to be king over the "ten tribes" of Israel: "For thus saith the God of Israel: Behold, I will rend the kingdom out of the hands of Solomon, and will give ten tribes to thee. And it shall be, if thou wilt hearken unto all that I command thee, and wilt walk in My ways, and

do what is right in My sight, to keep My statutes and My commandments, as David My servant did, I will give Israel unto thee." What a splendid heritage is this! What a glorious outlook is before Jeroboam!

But the anointing of Jeroboam aroused the jealousy of Solomon, and, for safety, Jeroboam fled to Egypt. Soon after this Solomon died, and his son, Rehoboam, reigned in his stead. Upon the accession of Rehoboam to the throne, the heads of Israel said unto him: "Thy father made our yoke grievous; now, therefore, make thou the grievous service of thy father light and we will serve thee." Rehoboam refused. Then said Israel: "What portion have we in David,—neither have we inheritance in the son of Jesse: to your tents, O Israel!" This was a declaration of war. King Rehoboam fled to his palace at Jerusalem, and Jeroboam was recalled from Egypt and crowned king over the northern tribes—called the kingdom of Israel, in distinction from the kingdom of Judah.

Jeroboam began at once to fortify his kingdom and to make strong the defences of his cities. But the divinely-appointed seat of worship is in the kingdom of Judah. "What shall I do?" says Jeroboam, "If my people go there to worship, Rehoboam will steal their hearts, and they will return to him and kill me." Good logic, but poor faith, Jeroboam. Hath not God promised? Believe God!

Here was Jeroboam's sin and mistake ; he took counsel of his fear, rather than of his faith and his God. So he changed the place of public worship, and broke faith with God in so doing. Listen to his excuse for his disobedience : It is too far for you, my dear people, to go all the way to Jerusalem for worship, you must have a service nearer home ; and if God will not appoint you a place here, in our own kingdom, I will. And, if God will not come with us, we will make gods of our own. Make them he did—two calves of gold, one at Dan, the other at Bethel, and said, "Behold thy Gods, O Israel !" This was Jeroboam's terrible mistake, and the introduction of idolatry into the kingdom of Israel, which, finally, proved its overthrow, and fixed on the king the odious title of "*Jeroboam, the son of Nebat, who made Israel to sin.*" So the history goes on and the years pass.

A day of sadness and deep sorrow comes to the palace of the king. His son, Abijah, who was really a promising boy, sickens. The king's heart is sad. That boy is more to him than his kingdom. It is one of those dark days when vain is the help of man, and the heart cries out for God, who alone can succour the soul. Forms of religion are vain when death is approaching. What will Jeroboam do ? There is his own hand-made worship at Dan and Bethel ; will he appeal to that ? Not he. Man needs a religion beyond himself. These gods may do a

proud king in prosperity, they may serve political ends; but they are no help for the dying. They may do in the day of prosperity, but the day of adversity needs a divine religion—human forms are of no avail, the soul instinctively cries out for God—the living God.

It is not enough for us to hear a voice in the darkness, we need a voice direct from Heaven. Nature is not enough for us. We are but

" Infants crying in the night,
Infants crying for the light,
And with no language but a cry."

Jeroboam turns from these false gods, and beseeches his wife to go to the prophet of Jehovah, Ahijah, who dwelt at Shiloh, and enquire of the living God, as to the fate of their son. "And Jeroboam said unto his wife, arise, I pray thee, and disguise thyself, that thou be not known to be the wife of Jeroboam; and *get thee to Shiloh*: behold, there is Ahijah, the prophet, who told me that I should be king over Israel." In the presence of death, golden calves and licentious priests only mocked the anguish of the soul. "Get thee to Shiloh," is the cry of all men when death steps over the threshold: Flee thee! flee thee! to the God of Heaven, who alone can tell thee the fate of the sick and dying.

Men make Jeroboam's mistake when they put success in the place of God. Worldly success is crowding God out of the life of thousands. That is

what it did for Jeroboam. He got in a hurry to outstrip the kingdom of Judah. God told Jeroboam if he would obey Him he should be king over all Israel. But God is a little too slow for Jeroboam. This is a fast age. But he who goes before God, goes on a fool's journey. Prosperity so blinded Jeroboam, that he forgot to counsel God in the arrangements of his kingdom. "Except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain." This sin and mistake is rife to-day. As the day of prosperity dawns, away go religious duties, the holy Sabbath, and, finally, God Himself. Few can stand prosperity. In the day of adversity, consider; in the day of prosperity, *pray*. When a young man starts in business, flushed with a little success and with a toss of the head, turns from the prayer-meeting and cries: "Business! business! takes all my time now," behold, another Jeroboam! Young man, stop long enough to pray, and to take counsel of thy God, for the day of your adversity is coming; you will need God, and your cry will be, "Get thee to Shiloh!"

Don't misunderstand me. Success in business is good. I love to see young men prosper. To succeed in life is your duty. The person who does not make a success out of life, has not used it aright. You should expect success, look for it, pray for it, and God will give it you. But don't seek it at loss of duty to God, as did Jeroboam—the price is too great. Be diligent in business; "fervent in spirit,

serving the Lord." When a young man says, I will win by foul means, if fair will not compass it ; I will rob God of service and Christ of my witness to the truth, then, Jeroboam, breakers are ahead ! For you are putting wrong for right, and the golden calf in the place of God. That was Jeroboam's sin. He must keep his people away from the kingdom of Judah, if he violated the ten commandments to do so, and turn the glory of the invisible God into the image of an ox that eateth grass. But the crisis came. The day when Jeroboam needed God. With you the day of adversity has not yet come. No black pall has been thrown over your family circle yet—prepare for it, for, sooner or later, it will come. A coffin will stop some day in front of your door, and it will just fit the lifeless form of the loved one within. How sad to see a man shut off from God in the day of awful need, as was Jeroboam. A day when God alone could help him. Like Jeroboam, we will all need Him in the time of death—"Acquaint now thyself with Him and be at peace."

Men make Jeroboam's mistake when they put *morality* in the place of God. Morality is not enough. The natural heart is corrupt. We need a divine atonement. The young man in the gospel story was morally pure. His life was outwardly blameless ; Christ loved him, but said : "One thing thou lackest." God demands that we do, not only that which is right outwardly, but we must be

prompted by pure motives within. For the inward motives will confront us at the judgment as well as the outward. Jeroboam had but little faith in his self-made gods, and the best of moralists have but little faith in their morality, if all the truth were told.

Again, men make Jeroboam's mistake in putting "*natural law*" in the place of the personal God—and say there is no God, but "law." They say, laws are eternally fixed, and it is foolish to pray. Just what Jeroboam said in the day of prosperity—you can worship just as well at Dan and Bethel as at Jerusalem. The same laws that hold at Jerusalem hold at Dan and Bethel. That did well for the day of prosperity, but, in the day of adversity, this same Jeroboam cries, wife, "Get thee to Shiloh." We hear learned young men in our day talking about the laws of nature: that they are only force, and force is God, and God is only force. And, since the Bible was written, science has found out many new things. Men know more now, the science of the nineteenth century has proved many of those old Bible ideas false. My dear young man, that new nineteenth century idea of yours, and your idolized teacher, is, after all, quite an old idea, at least as old as the reign of Jeroboam; and had you read the old Bible, although, to your learned mind, a little out of date, you might have found out that fact some years ago. You have gotten hold on quite an old idea after all, the one which Jeroboam cast from him when his

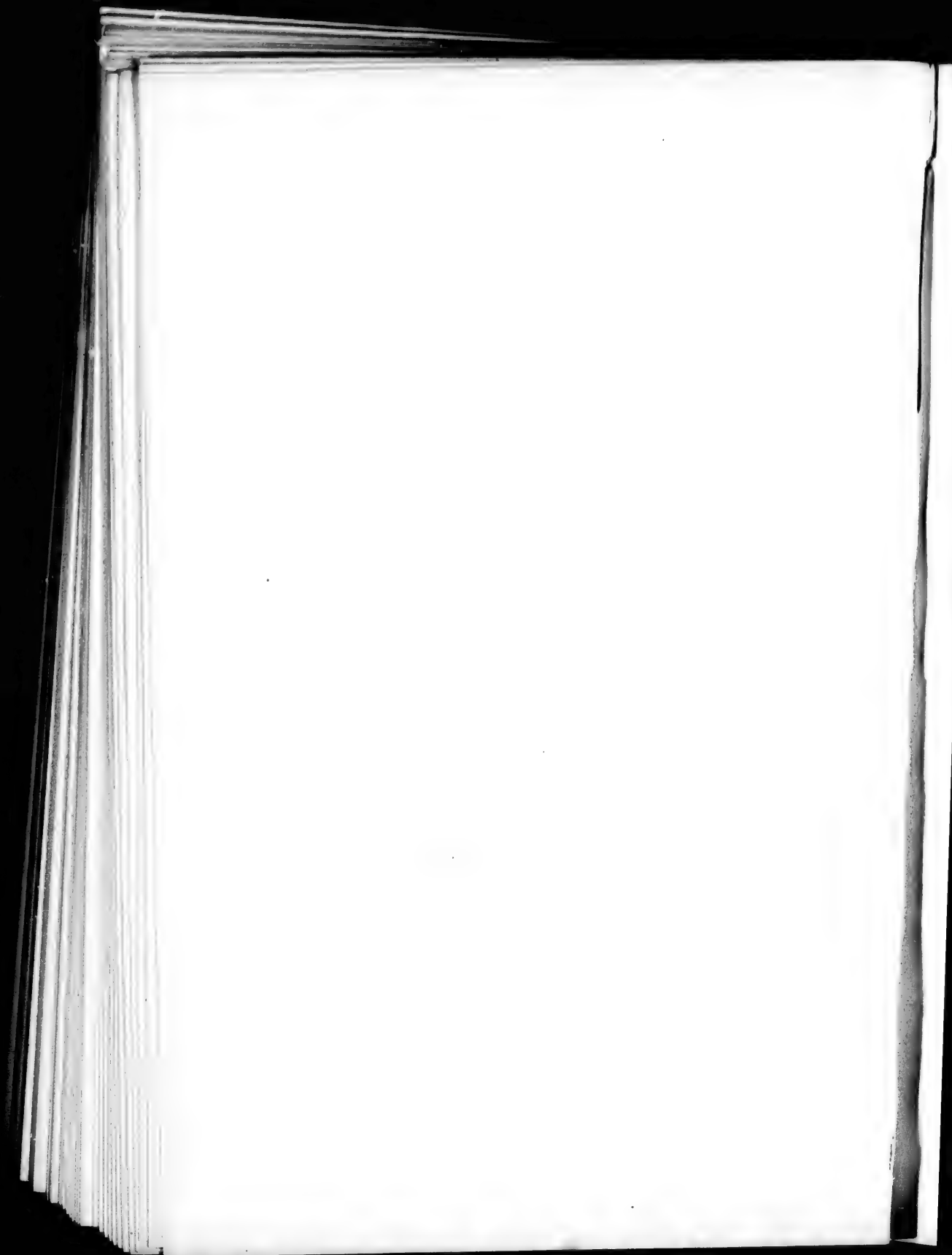
little boy took sick ; and he was just foolish enough to send to Shiloh, to enquire of the living, *personal* God as to the fate of his child ; and I presume you would do likewise. Many of our nineteenth century wise men have clothed themselves with the robes of Jeroboam's idolatry, and strut as scholars, hid in profound folds of "*natural law*."

"How proud we are,
How fond to show our clothes,
And call them rich and new,
When the poor sheep and silkworm wore
That very clothing long before."

At the close of one of Mr. Bradlaugh's infidel lectures, an old collier rose and said : "Maister Bradlaugh, me and me mate Jim, were both Methodys, till one of these infidel chaps cam' this way. Jim turned infidel, and used to badger me about attendin' prayer-meetings ; but one day, in the pit, a large cob of coal came down upon Jim's head. Jim thought he was killed ; and, ah, mon ! didn't he holler and cry to God. There is nothing like cobs of coal for knocking infidelity out of a man." The sick bed will soon shake a man out of the folds of "natural law," and make him cry unto the God of all laws—both natural and supernatural. "*Natural laws*" are a poor Saviour. They are like the self-constituted gods of Jeroboam, and the men who hold them up for others would no more trust in them than would Jeroboam in the golden calves of Dan and Bethel.

Neither *Success*, nor *Morality*, nor *Natural law* can calm your fear or save your soul. "*Get thee to Shiloh*," my unsaved friend. Hie thee to God! Come thou to the prophet of all ages—Jesus Christ, the Son of God!

AT CALVARY.



AT CALVARY.

How significant is this word Calvary. The Hebrew word is "*Golgotha*"; the Greek, "*Kranion*"; and the Latin, "*Calvaria*." "And when they were come to the place that is called Calvary, there they crucified Him." Calvary is supposed to have been a small hill or eminence about half a mile distant from the gates of Jerusalem. Some think it took its name from the contour of the ground—*i.e.*, the hill Calvary was shaped like a human skull,—while others think the name was attached to the desolate and ghastly place, owing to the fact that many were crucified there, and their bones left to bleach on the ground; and also the skulls of the poor victims of crucifixion were to be seen at the place, which would soon fasten upon it the name—"the place of a skull." The vilest of offenders were put to death at Calvary. Hence we see in what regard Christ was held by those who clamored for his blood. They led Him to Calvary and gave Him the death of a malefactor. It was not without reason that the Jews fixed on death by crucifixion. It was to render the name and character of Jesus infamous, to express their deepest abhorrence for both, to sink in ruin His cause by fixing an indelible disgrace upon it. Hence the cross was to the Jew a

stumbling-block, and to the Greek foolishness. How could there be salvation from such a source was their bitter cry? But how different are the facts from what Greek and Jew supposed.

The four Evangelists use but few words in describing Calvary; but those few are slow and solemn, expressive of the tenderest affections and deepest emotions of the human soul. They all point to Calvary with some such sacredness as did Jacob to Macpelah, saying: "There they buried Abraham and Sarah, his wife; there they buried Isaac and Rebekah, his wife; and *there I buried Leah.*" We stand over some spot on earth, it may be a beautiful cemetery or some neglected, grass-grown country graveyard, and say: "There we buried father or mother; there we buried brother or sister, son or daughter; and there I buried ———." The little mound is almost sacred from the never-to-be-forgotten associations of the past. So says Luke, with a tenderness and sacredness born of the Holy Ghost, concerning Calvary: "*There they crucified Him.*" Crucified HIM! the Son of the Highest, our adorable Saviour, the loving and lovable Jesus. Oh! man, how great thy crime, how black thy guilt, how monstrous thy sin, to crucify thy Lord at Calvary. But this black cloud that hangs over Calvary is not without its silver lining. It takes great height to create great depths. If great the shame, great also the glory—

"Which gathers round its head sublime."

If you would see opposites, go to Calvary. It is without a parallel in all history. It is joy out of sorrow ; light out of darkness ; refreshing draughts from the greatest thirst ; sweetest streams from the bitterest fountains ; life by death. Such is the strange paradox of Calvary. As Renan said of Jesus himself, so say we of Calvary : " Whatever may be the surprises of the future, Jesus will never be surpassed ; His worship will grow young without ceasing ; His legend will call forth tears without end ; His suffering will melt the noblest hearts ; all ages will proclaim that among the sons of men there is none born greater than Jesus."

There are lessons to be learned at Calvary.

(1) *It is a place of suffering :*

Agony the most intense, scorn the most bitter, ridicule the most audacious, sufferings the most severe, are all set forth "at Calvary." Suffering and Calvary are so closely related, that no power can separate them in the Christian mind. Death by crucifixion includes all the physical sufferings the human body is heir to,—dizziness, sleeplessness, cramps, hunger and thirst, along with publicity and shame. Calvary stands for all this. But "if there are deeds that have no form, then there are sufferings that have no tongue."

I asked the heavens—"What foe to God hath done
This unexampled deed?" The heavens exclaim
" 'Twas man ; and we in horror snatched the sun
From such a spectacle of guilt and shame."

I asked the sea—the sea in fury boil'd,
 And answered with his voice of storms, "'Twas man ;
 My waves in panic at his crime recoil'd,
 Disclosed the abyss, and from the centre ran."
 I asked the earth—the earth replied aghast,
 "'Twas man ; and such strange pangs my bosom rent,
 That still I groan and shudder at the past."
 To man, gay, smiling, thoughtless man, I went,
 And asked him next. He turned a scornful eye,
 Shook his proud head, and deigned me no reply.

—Montgomery.

(2) *Calvary is where men decide :*

Here party lines are drawn ; here we stand for or against Christ. Some cherish the fond hope that, while they are not for Him, they are not against Him. Neutrality is unknown in heaven, earth or hell. We are glad it is so ; by this rule we may determine our destiny. "He that is not for Me is against Me." If you cannot be assured that you are for Him, be assured you are against Him. This is the voice from Calvary. On which side of this line do you stand ? To answer this is the chief business of life.

(3) *Calvary is a place of safety :*

How true that the place of storm and danger for the Master has become the place of calm and safety for the servant. This tells the whole story of substitution. "At Calvary" the thunders have all ceased ; the storms have all passed. We go to Calvary to-day with much more safety than visitors go to Vesuvius. We can sit upon its crater with perfect wonder and

delight, for all those storms are hushed into an eternal silence. It is always safe to go to sea after the winds have spent their fury. We dread not the fire in the burnt district. God's wrath spent its fury at Calvary when Jesus died; those fires will never again be kindled. There is perfect security for all who seek this eternal refuge. Fellow traveller, we hail you. Hello! this way! There is peace and everlasting consolation "*at Calvary!*"



A WORD TO THE GIRLS.

A WORD TO THE GIRLS.

You all want to be ladies. That is a worthy ambition. But, girls, it costs something to be a lady; it is worth something to be a lady. It is worth more than it costs. Yes, resolve each one of you to be a lady. I once read a description of a lady, and wrote it down. Here it is: "A lady must possess perfect refinement and intelligence. She must be gracious, affable and hospitable, without the slightest degree of fussiness. She must be a Christian, mild, gentle and charitable, and doing good by stealth. She must be deaf to scandal and gossip. She must possess discrimination, knowledge of human nature, and tact sufficient to avoid offending one's weak point, steering wide of all subjects which may be disagreeable to any one. She must look upon personal cleanliness and freshness of attire as next to godliness. Her dress must be in accord with her means, not flashy. Abhorring everything like soiled or faded finery or mock jewelry, her pure mind and clear conscience will cause the foot of time to pass as lightly over the smooth brow as if she stepped on flowers, and, as she moves with quiet grace and dignity, all will accord her instinctively the title of lady." Is it not a worthy

ambition to strive to be such an one? The picture is not beyond the possible. It is, indeed, within the reach of nine out of every ten of all the girls in America. For, patience, kindness and self-denial, well exercised, will in a few years put you in possession of the prize. Is it not worth the exercise of these Christian graces to be a lady? The practice of such graces are a reward in themselves, beyond rubies,—“more to be desired than gold, yea, than much fine gold.”

It is said of Jenny Lind, the sweet Swedish singer, that one day passing along the street she saw an old woman sitting in the door of an almshouse, and the sight of the old creature touched her heart and she stopped, ostensibly to rest in the shade, but in reality to speak a word of cheer to the poor old woman. At once the old woman began to express her deep regrets at being unable to hear Jenny Lind sing. “I have lived,” said she, “many long years in this world, but desire nothing before I die but to hear Jenny Lind.” “Would it make you happy?” inquired Jenny. “Aye, it would; but such folks as I can’t go to the playhouse, and so I shall never hear her.” “Don’t be so sure of that,” said Jenny; “sit down, my friend, and listen.” She then sang with genuine glee one of her best songs. The old woman was delighted, and wondered more when she added, “Now you have heard Jenny Lind.”

Girls, that was the act of a lady. One possessed

of such sympathy and kindness shall win, not only the applause of earth, but also heaven.

A lady must possess gentleness of speech. It is not so much what you say, as how you say it. Some one wrote these wise words on the cultivation of a sweet voice: "There is no power of love so hard to get and keep as a kind voice. A kind hand is deaf and dumb. It may be rough in flesh and blood, yet do the work of a soft heart, and do it with a soft touch. But there is no one thing that love so much needs as a sweet voice to tell what it means and feels, and it is hard to get it and keep it in the right tone. One must start in youth and be on the watch night and day, at work, at play, to get and keep a voice that shall speak at all times the thoughts of a kind heart. But this is the time when a sharp voice is most apt to be got. You often hear boys and girls say words at play with a quick, sharp tone, as if it were the snap of a whip. Such as these get a sharp voice for home use, and keep their best voice for those they meet elsewhere. I would say to all boys and girls: "Use your best voice at home. Watch it by day as a pearl of great price, for it will be worth to you, in the days to come, more than the best pearl hid in the sea. A kind voice is a lark's song to hearth and home. It is to the heart what light is to the eye."

Girls, live to some purpose. Be good house-keepers. Be as familiar with the kitchen stove as with the piano. It is one of the accomplishments of a lady to know

how to bake a loaf of bread and set the table, or superintend the doing of it, if, by good or bad fortune, she is not required to do it herself. If your mother has neglected this important part of your training, I pray you no longer neglect it yourself. Have some part in the toil and care of the household, and you will have the consciousness that you have lived to some purpose in the world. "It is not of those writings I am proud," said the gifted Madame de Staël, "but the fact that I have facility in ten occupations, in any one of which I could make a livelihood."

To live in this day, when woman's sphere has become so widened, without some worthy purpose, is to live in idleness and in sin. Opportunity is the voice of God calling to faith and duty. And possibility is the measure of responsibility. To possess talents is to be accountable for their use. To cultivate and use to a noble end her God-given talents should be the ambition of every girl.

A practical writer pictures the "sensible girl" thus: "She is not merely a doll to be petted, or a bird to be supported, but, though she may be blessed with a father able and willing to care for her wants, she cultivates her capabilities. She seeks to prepare herself for possibilities, and, though she may not need to, she qualifies herself to feed and clothe herself, so that, if left alone, she can stand upon her own feet, depend upon no human being. With the multiplied ways of

honest toil now open for young women, it seems quite excuseless for any one of them to be helpless. There are few nobler sights than that of a young woman who, though she may have a good home, with father and mother, who are willing to indulge her to the utmost, realizing the limitation of their means and their hard self-denial, says, 'Father shall not be burdened by me ; I will be self-reliant and clothe myself. Yea, I will help him pay for the farm ; help him educate the younger children.' Such an one is a thousand times superior to the pale-fingered, befrizzled, bejewelled substitutes for young women, who are good for nothing but to spend a father's hard-earned money."

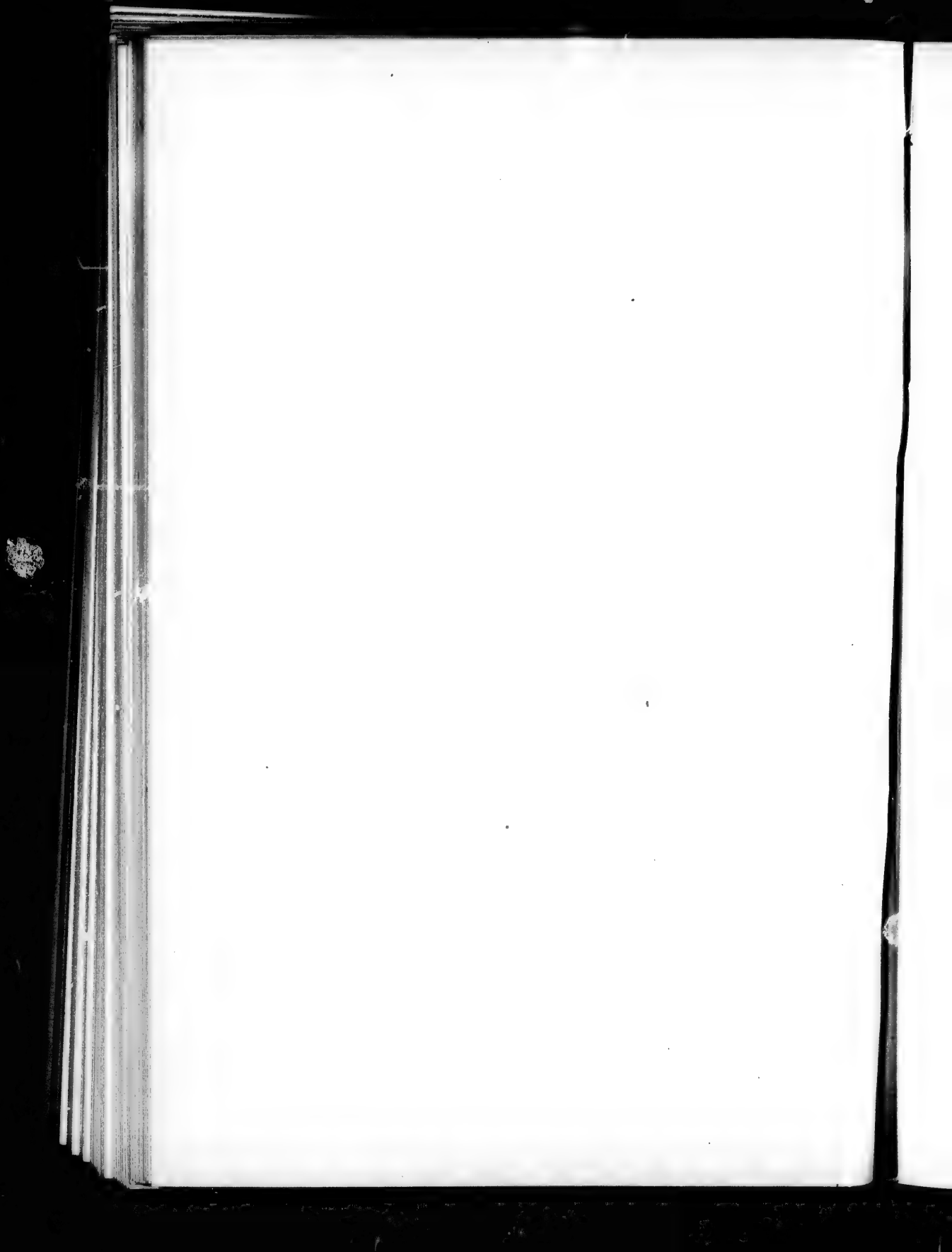
Said William Penn, the founder of a commonwealth : " Love, therefore, labor ; if thou shouldst not want it for food, thou mayest for physic. It is wholesome to the body and food to the mind ; it prevents the fruit of idleness."

Be zealous for your name and conduct. " A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches." This is just as true for girls as boys, and more so. The good name of a girl is much more easily tarnished than that of a boy, and all because it is good. The whiter the paper the more quickly soiled, and the darker the stain. Then it is so much harder for a girl to live down a reproach than even a boy. Heed these wholesome words : " When a young lady, no matter how innocent of anything more than a deter-

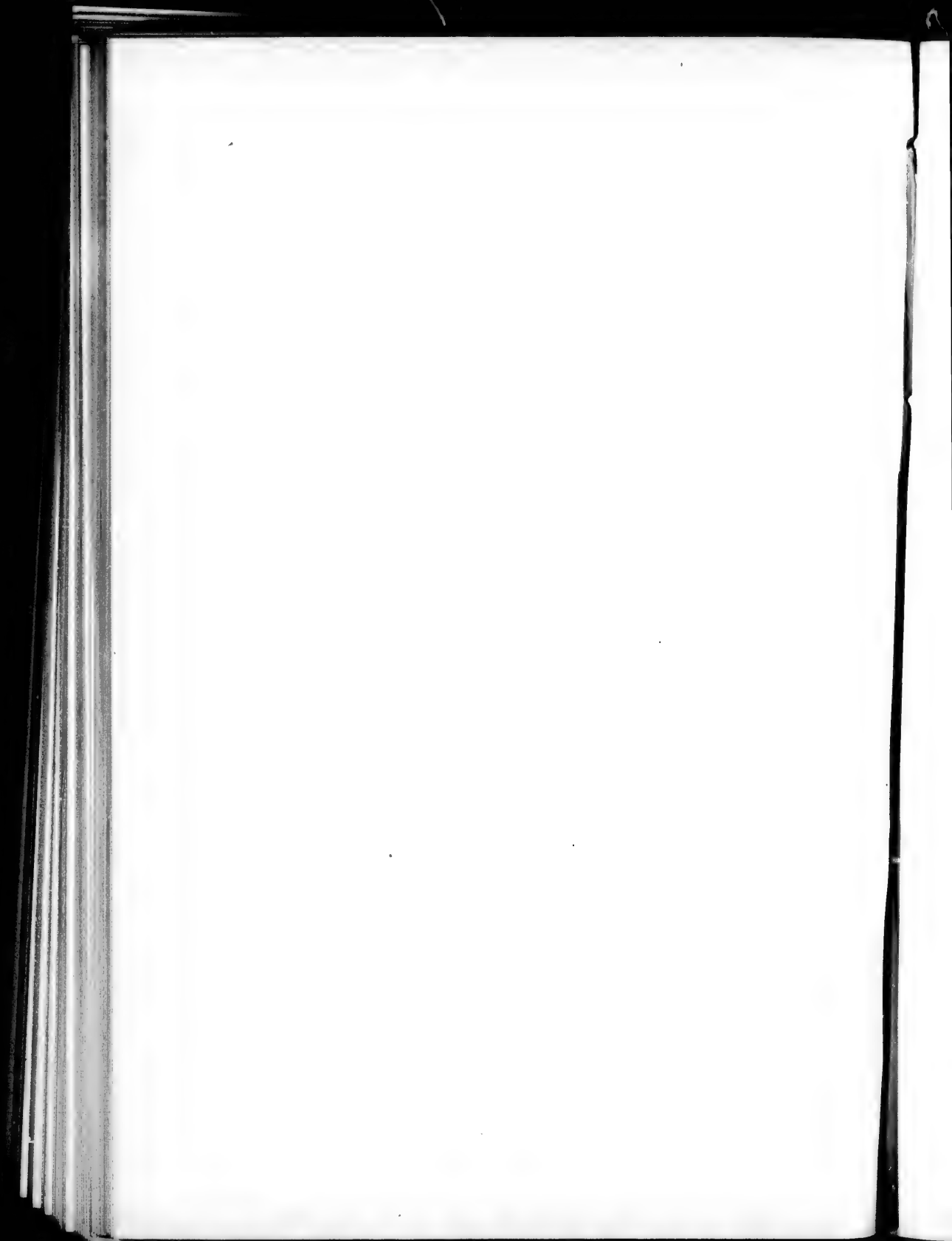
mination to amuse herself at all hazards, condescends to flirt with gentlemen, or to indulge in boisterous behaviour in public places with other girls, she must not be surprised if, before long, she becomes aware of less heartiness in the greetings of the acquaintances whose society she prizes most, receives fewer invitations from anybody, and at last perceives, with painful clearness, that she is actually, even if undemonstratively, avoided, except by those whom she now does not wish to meet."

All girls that have gone astray began at some such point as pictured above. The tendency is, when one has, consciously or unconsciously, shut themselves out of their true circle to seek one lower down, and the momentum, unless checked, which carried them from the higher to the lower grade, will continue its downward course until ruin is the result. Girls, as well as boys, are known by the company they keep. See to it that your companions are worthy of your confidence and esteem. Every young girl should learn to distinguish, in the opposite sex, between the *gent* and the *gentleman*. The *gent* is quite good-looking at a reasonable distance, but on closer examination his face has the marks of dissipation. His eye is bleared, his cheek is bloated, his nose is red ; he smokes—he drinks on the sly—he gambles—he dances—he wears better clothes than his weekly wage can afford. Girls, beware of the gent ! Hearts just as strong and pure as yours have been deceived by these lords of creation.

Before you make that solemn choice, take counsel from your mother, or some one who stands in her place. If you have doubts, always give yourself the benefit of the doubt : be on the safe side. Above all, give your life into the keeping of *Him* who alone can preserve and prosper you, make you blessed and a blessing.



A WORD TO THE BOYS.



A WORD TO THE BOYS.

All boys long to be men. But that does not always mean wait until you are twenty-one. It is not every boy who has reached his twenty-first year that becomes a true man. Some boys are men before that age, and others will never be true men. Age has not so much to do in the making of a true man as effort, will, and determination have. To be a true man will cost every boy effort, will, and determination ; but it is worth all the world beside, to be a true man. "Quit yourselves like men," said the great Apostle of the Gentiles. "Be thou strong, therefore, and show thyself a man," cried King David to his son Solomon. He who would be regarded as a man, must show himself manly. If a boy loses respect for himself, he must remember that others will soon lose their respect for him. There is a self-love which is not selfishness ; to know it and practice it, is a duty that every boy owes to himself. There must be a guarding with a jealous eye those sacred virtues which alone can make you a true man. The Bible says : "The glory of a young man is his strength."—Prov. xx., 29. Boys, look after your strength ! If you would be manly, surrounded by so much that is

unmanly, you will need to be strong, both morally and physically. Yes, you will need physical strength. There is nothing so intensely personal as health. The strength needed to fight the battles of life demands a strong physical frame. Fine and useful minds have soon run their earthly race on account of weak bodies. We all prize a fine mind, but of equal importance is a strong body. A strong mind in a weak body, is like putting a heavy engine in a light ship, there is great danger of running her under—hence, many go down before they reach mid-ocean on the voyage of life. Many boys inherit physical weakness. But the practical question is not, How can such an one get back “primæval” strength? but, How can he retain and use to the best advantage what he has? It is folly to philosophize over what we might have been, had we not inherited any physical weakness. Some wise men tell us there is only one possibility, and that, the thing that is; for all practical purposes, that is true in this matter of health. Here are two wise sayings: (1) “A man with a weak body never got very far”; (2) “Health is a thing to be looked after at all times.” There are two great evils to which boys are especially exposed, and some people think they rob manhood of more physical strength than all other evils put together—namely, *Tobacco* and *Alcohol*.

Tobacco is most destructive on vitality, and said to be, by those who have used both, harder to give up

than strong drink. This is not generally believed to be true, but only because so few ever give it up. Dead fish go with the stream; only the live ones stem the current. Someone has said, "No charitable man should ever use tobacco, if for no other purpose than this: it will rob some worthy object of that charity he professes to bestow." An old "woodstock" is just as dirty and filthy in the mouth of a Christian, as in the mouth of a sinner—you can't make it decent or respectable. For these reasons it is a great sin against God to smoke or chew tobacco. There never was a truthful sentence written in favour of the use of tobacco, while whole volumes have been written against it. It is destroying the boys of this land to-day, as no other evil. Smokers are the most impolite people that walk our streets. They will puff the fumes of the poisonous weed, poisoned still more by the carbonic-acid of their own breath, into your face and eyes, and call it only liberty to do as they please. They press themselves into all public places, with that ever-present, but silent, monitor, "*No smoking here*," staring them in the face. This terrible want of good manners could be patiently endured, were it not for the physical and moral ruin the habit is working in our boys. A writer of ability says of it: "It has utterly ruined thousands of boys. It tends to the softening of bones, and greatly injures the brain, the spinal marrow, and the whole nervous fluid. A boy who

smokes early and frequently, or in any way uses large quantities of tobacco, is never known to make a man of much energy, and generally lacks muscular and physical, as well as mental power. We would warn boys who want to be anything in the world, to shun tobacco as a most baneful poison."

The same is true of *Alcohol*. Let your motto be : "touch not, taste not, handle not," as the only safeguard against the destroyer. Take warning from others who were once as strong and self-reliant as you are. They simply yielded declaring their power to take it or leave it alone, and deceived themselves until the serpent of intemperance wrapped his slimy coils about them and hissed in their faces. Boys, control your youthful passions and appetites, or they will control you—and they rule with a rod of iron.

John B. Gough tells this story to show the power of the drink habit :—"A young wife and mother lay in an ill-furnished room, dying. Years before she had stood at the marriage-altar, beside the man of her choice, as fair and hopeful a bride as ever took a vow. Her young husband loved her, at least, he said he did, and solemnly vowed to love her to the end ; but he loved liquor more than he loved his young and beautiful wife. It soon began to dawn upon her mind that she was in that most horrible of all positions—a position, a thousand times worse than widowhood or the grave—a position, than which there are only two worse positions—Hell, and that of

a drunkard's husband—I mean, the heart-rending, degrading position of a drunkard's wife. She used every means to reform him, but, like too many others, found her efforts useless. His cruelty and debauchery soon brought her to the grave. A little before she died she asked him to come to her bed-side, and pleaded with him once more, for the sake of their children, soon to be motherless, to drink no more. With her thin, long fingers she held his hand, and, as she pleaded with him, he promised, in this terribly solemn way: 'Mary, I will drink no more till I take it out of this hand I hold in mine!' That very night he poured out a tumbler of brandy, stole into the room where she lay cold in her coffin, put the tumbler into her withered hand, and then took it out and drained it to the bottom. This is a scene from real life, and is not more revolting than hundreds of others which are happening in miserable, drink-cursed homes. In this matter, do not be content in merely saving yourself, but work to save others. Take sides against this evil, and be a champion for purity, sobriety and a high manhood."

Boys, be warned against these arch-destroyers, they will be sure to cross your path some day. There are many temptations for which you will need to be on your guard, but tobacco and alcohol lead to so many other evils, we hold them up for special warning.

Some boys think it manly to smoke and swear.

Someone has drawn this picture of such an one—what do you think of it? :—“He may be seen any day, in almost any street in the village; he never makes room for you on the side-walk; he is very impudent, and often vulgar, to ladies who pass; he delights in frightening, and sometimes does serious injury to, little boys and girls; he lounges at the street corners, and is the first arrival at a dog-fight, or any other sport or scrape; he crowds into the post office in the evening, and multiplies himself and his antics at such a rate, that people having legitimate business are crowded out. And he thinks himself very sharp; he is, certainly, very noisy; he can smoke and chew tobacco now and then, and rip out an oath most any time.”

Boys are worth too much to be put to such a low, mean purpose. One writer likened a boy to a bar of iron, which, in its raw state, is worth about five dollars; if made into horse-shoes, twenty dollars; but by being worked into balance springs for watches, it is worth two hundred and fifty thousand dollars; and then adds: “But the iron has to go through a great deal of hammering and beating and rolling and pounding and polishing, and, so, if you are to become useful and educated men, you must go through a long course of study and training. The more time you spend in hard study, the better material you will make. The iron does not have to go through half as much to be made into horse-shoes

as it does to be converted into delicate watch-springs ; but think how much less valuable it is. Which would you rather be, horse-shoes or watch-springs? It depends on yourself. You can become which ever you will. This is your time of preparation for manhood." A wise man has said : "When forenoons of life are wasted, there is not much hope of a peaceful or fruitful evening. Sun-risings and sun-settings are closely connected in every experience."

To be a true man, you must be truthful : a liar is a blot on humanity. Tell the truth, tell at all times, and under all circumstances. "But I will get into trouble!" better get into trouble by telling the truth than to escape it by telling a falsehood. But do boys get into trouble very often for telling the truth? I think not. If they ever do they will soon get out again. But, I think, in the majority of cases, when boys get into trouble, it is because they did not tell the truth. If a boy tells one falsehood, he generally has to tell more to hide the first one. The colored man's illustration of faith comes in here. He said : "Faith is like this : there is a stone wall ; if God tell you to jump through it, den it is your business to jump, and the Lord's to see weder you go through or not." Boys, it is your business to tell the truth, and the Lord's to see that you get out of trouble. The boy who gets the foul blot on his character of being a liar, will not be believed when he does tell the truth. Then he feels he might as well tell a lie as the

truth, for no one will believe him should he tell the truth. Then he is not only charged with his own lies, but with the greater portion of all the lies told in the community where he resides. Then, you know, a lie travels very fast, and never loses anything. Mr. Spurgeon said: "A lie travels round the world, while the truth is getting its boots on." The truth knows no fear, while a lie always brings a blush. Lord Bacon says: "A liar is a man who is bold toward God, and a coward toward men; for a lie faces God, and shrinks from man."

During the American civil war, at one time the movement of a whole company depended upon a boy. It is said that the Confederate general, Robert E. Lee, while in conversation with his officers about his movements, was overheard by a boy to say that he had decided to march upon Gettysburg instead of Harrisburg. The boy watched the troops to see in what direction they went, then telegraphed the fact to Governor Curtin. That boy was sent for by a special engine, and as the Governor stood before his friends he said: 'I would give my right hand to know that this lad tells the truth.' A corporal replied, 'Governor Curtin, I know that boy, I lived in the same neighbourhood, and I know that it is *impossible for him to lie*; there is not a drop of false blood in his veins!' In fifteen minutes' time the Union troops were marching towards Gettysburg, where they won that splendid victory."

Boys, "be courteous!" It does not cost much, but it is worth much; so much, that you can't afford to lack this quality. It will win every time. You will never want for a friend. I once read of a boy who applied to a store for a situation. The merchant said: "Can you write a good hand?" "Yaas," was the reply. "Are you good at figures?" "Yaas," was the answer again. "That will do; I don't want you," said the merchant. After the boy had gone out, a friend standing by said: "I know that boy to be an honest, industrious lad. Why don't you give him a chance?" "Because he has not learned to say, 'Yes, sir,' and 'No, sir,'" said the merchant. "If he answers me as he did when applying for a situation, how will he answer the customers after being here a month?"

To be a true man is a grand thing. "Before I go any further," said Frank Osbaldistone, in "Rob Roy," "I must know who you are." "I am a man," is the answer, "and my purpose is friendly." "A man," he replied, "that is a brief description." "It will serve," answered Rob Roy, "for one who has no other to give. He that is without name, without friends, without coin, without country, is still, at least, a man."

Benjamin Franklin attributed his success as a public man, not to his talents or his powers of speaking—for these were but moderate,—but to his known integrity of character. "Hence it was that I had so much

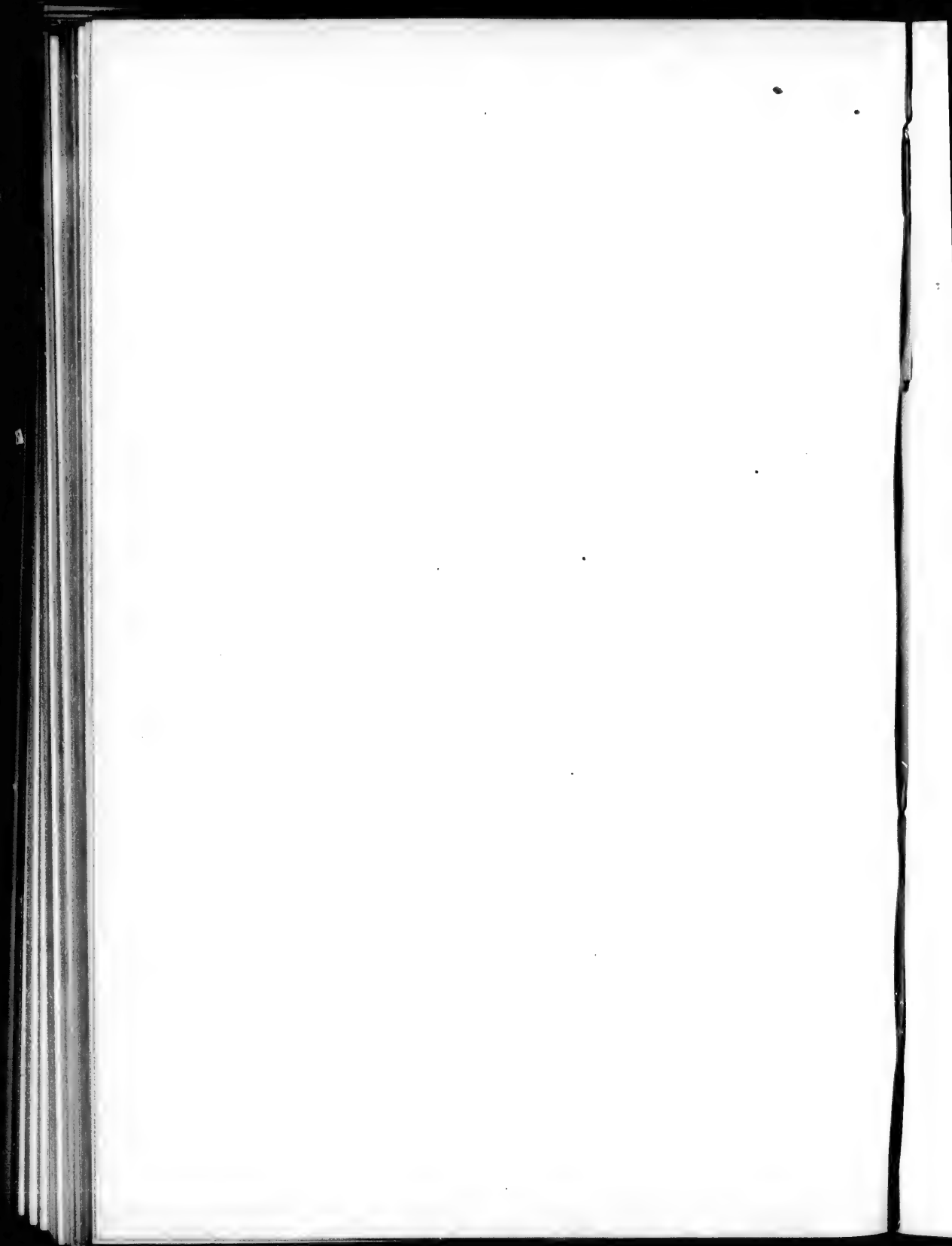
weight with my fellow citizens. I was but a bad speaker, subject to much hesitation in my choice of words, hardly correct in language, yet I generally carried my point."

Character creates confidence in men in high stations as well as in humble life. It is said of the first Emperor Alexander of Russia, that his personal character was equivalent to a constitution. During the wars of the Fronde, Montaignë was the only man among the French gentry who kept his castle gate unbarred ; it is said of him that his personal character was worth more to him than a regiment of horse.

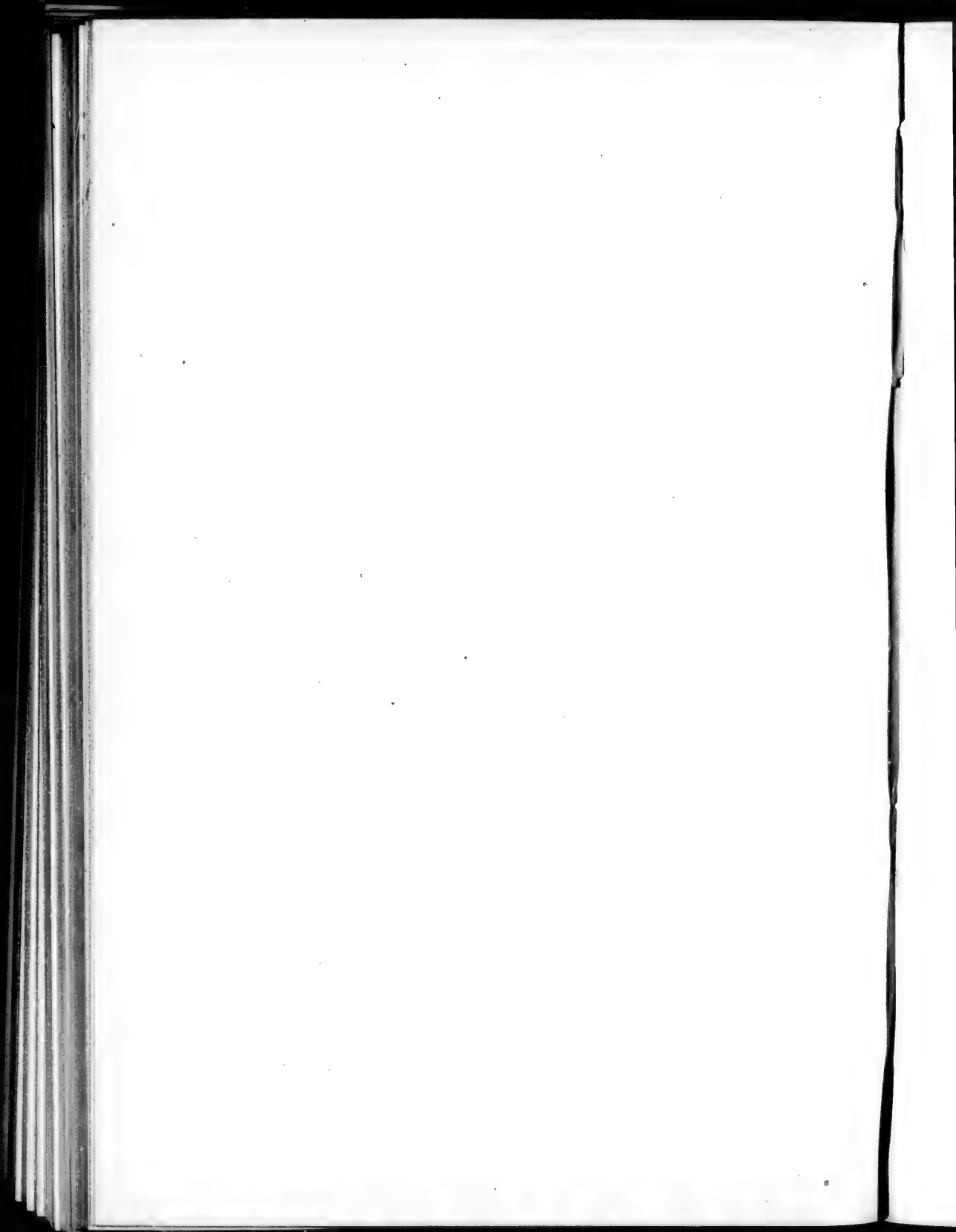
But, boys, be assured of this, that the highest, noblest, truest style of man is the "*Christian man*." Writes Mr. Spurgeon : "When I was just fifteen I believed on the Lord Jesus, was baptized, and I joined the Church of Christ. This is twenty-five years ago now, and I have never been sorry for what I then did ; no, not even once. I have had plenty of time to think it over, and many temptations to try some other course, and if I had found out that I had been deceived, or had made a gross blunder, I would have made a change before now, and would do my best to prevent others from falling into the same delusion. I tell you, boys, the day I gave myself up to the Lord Jesus, to be His servant, was the very best day in my life. Then I began to be safe and happy ; then I found out the secret of living, and had a worthy object for my life's exertions and an unfailing comfort for life's

troubles. Because I wish every boy to have a bright eye, a light tread, a joyful heart and overflowing spirits, I plead with him to consider whether he will not follow my example, for I speak from experience."

It is only in consecrating your life and action to the standard of God's Word that you can gain the truest and highest end of your being. Satan is so crafty, that, unless you are armed with divine power, you are sure to be overcome in the conflict. If you would successfully meet the ebbing and flowing tides of life, study well the character of Jesus Christ, and strive to imitate His manhood, for it stands without a rival. With your feet firmly placed on the "*Rock of Ages*," you will outride all the storms of sin and temptation, and safely cast anchor within the port of *Peace Eternal*.



OPPORTUNITY.



OPPORTUNITY.

The day of opportunity comes to all men. We do not mean that the day of opportunity comes alike to all men. It may not in your case be what the world calls "a tremendous streak of luck." Your name may never appear in the annals of history. You may never sway the destiny of a nation ; but your opportunity will come, and, so far as you are concerned, it is all-important that you seize it and use it for the glory of God and the good of the race. Opportunities are like express trains ; they only stop a few seconds at each station, and success in life depends upon your being on time. Have you ever noticed the countenance of a person who arrived just in time to see their train moving out from the depot ? Worse still, were you ever that person ? Then you know the feelings of many who, through carelessness or indolence, have missed their opportunity. Each individual has, in a high sense, to work out his or her own destiny, and that is more to them than all the world beside.

" There is a tide, in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune ;
Omitted all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now afloat,
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our venture."

Opportunities are never duplicated. The mill can't grind with water that is past. Similar ones may come, but they are not the same. There is seldom more than one opportunity in a life, which gathers all the swift-flowing streams into one mighty river of success ; and to launch upon its tide is to be borne onward to the highest goal of prosperity. Few recognize this master opportunity in any of the walks of life ; for, as a rule, it is of humble birth. The greatness of your opportunity depends upon your fitness to use it. God does not bestow His choicest favors on those who are not prepared to receive them. Preparation to grasp and use is the measure of your opportunity. God can't put a gallon in a thimble, at least it is not his way of doing things. The early bird catches the worm ; and the prepared man is that early bird, and seizes the opportunity. This is true in all life,—heaven is a prepared place for a prepared people. Some few in olden times, like Joseph, Moses and Daniel, were prepared to seize the master opportunities ; but, had they not been prepared, of what avail would great opportunities have been ? From the human side it is preparation that apprehends opportunity—according to your faith be it unto you.

But if there be but one master opportunity in a life, there are many minor ones, for which we should get ready. And it sometimes happens that the humblest in appearance is the chief. This was true in the case of Joseph, Moses and Daniel. There are

open doors before us all, and to seek the best and highest preparation to enter those open doors should be the ambition of all. God did not put us in this world for nothing. Youth is the time when these doors of opportunity stand open the widest. This was true in the case of Joseph, Moses and Daniel—all three were young. Doors of all kinds close as the years go on. How true is this in that important matter of salvation. A clergyman who had made a close study of the matter says: "Given one hundred new converts to the gospel, the under-law works as follows: Not three of that hundred are above 50 years of age; not five are between that age and 40; not ten between 40 and 30, while more than eighty out of the hundred are under 30 years of age when converted. Opportunity waits on you. You who are accustomed to estimate percentage, read the law of likelihoods, which declare that more than eighty per cent. espouse the Faith on the sunny side of life. 'Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth.'"

This is the point: opportunities come to all, but they come most abundant to the young. Open doors of opportunity are not so rare as the ability or desire to enter as Providence points the way. Some one has said there are no "half-hinges" in Nature. How true; every bird, beast, insect, worm, tree and plant has its mate. The wing of the humming-bird is anticipated by the great air-ocean which surrounds our globe. Sun, soil, air and rain were made for the

growth of the mustard seed as truly as the mustard seed grows by virtue of sun, soil, air and rain. There is nothing small with God. He rules the worm as well as the seraph. Things are not at loose ends. Be sure of this : there has been, or is to be, for you the best opportunity that Divine Wisdom can devise. Get ready for your opportunity, for that insignificant one may be your master opportunity. Capability means possibility ; and possibility is the measure of responsibility. Thousands are on the watch for opportunities who are not prepared for them should they come. What were great opportunities to Joseph, Moses and Daniel had they not been prepared to guide the ship of state? We must be prepared by hard discipline before we can enter great fields of usefulness. The diamond must go upon the wheel before it is fit for the royal crown. Moses must be trained in all learning and wisdom of the Egyptians, and see God in the burning bush, before he can lead Israel from bondage. Daniel must spend a night in the den of lions, and Joseph languish in Pharaoh's prison, before they can rule Babylon and Egypt, and move the hearts of men and kings. Opportunities equal to our ability are before each one of us. What is the voice of admonition? Get ready for your opportunity! How? Enter the first open door of duty, and you will soon be led to another. How many have spent their lives in the mire of conscious inferiority because they have failed to take advantage of the fitting

moment. It is said of Lord Mansfield, who raised himself from the humble walks of life to be Lord Chancellor of England : When a young man, and just admitted to the bar, and waiting for an opportunity to show he was ready for clients and deserved them, his opportunity came. He was invited to a supper, at which there was an old sea-captain who had a very important case on hand. During the evening the subject came up in discussion, and the young lawyer threw himself in the case with so much zeal and ability, that before they separated he found a client and was entrusted with the suit. When the case came up for trial, Mr. Mansfield made such a magnificent plea as to astonish the court, his client, and all the barristers present. From that day he became known as one of the foremost lawyers of his time, and honors and wealth poured in upon him.

Get ready for your opportunity—do your best !
“ If a girl who had been strolling in the pastures before breakfast came in laden with bunches of primroses and violets, cowslips for bracelets, with daisies for brooches and dandelions for earrings, we would not reprove her or consider she had lost a splendid opportunity. What was there better than these fair blossoms ? But suppose every pebble in her ramble had been a diamond, or a topaz, or an amethyst, and yet she had come home with nothing but these fading blossoms, what would you have said ? Would you not have exclaimed : Silly, stupid girl ! you have

missed a fortune ; you have lost your opportunity." But what shall we say of those who spend their days without seeking the eternal riches, and are letting slip the only opportunity of being enriched for time and made glad and happy for eternity ? Be wise ; embrace God's *master opportunity*, which is salvation through Christ.

" Thousand summers kiss the lea,
Only one the sheaf ;
Thousand springs may deck the tree,
Only one the leaf—
One, but one, and that one brief ! "

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SPARE MOMENTS: THEIR USE AND
ABUSE.

SPARE MOMENTS: THEIR USE AND ABUSE.

"There is an old Eastern legend of a powerful genii who promised a beautiful maiden a gift of rare value if she would pass through a field of corn and, without pausing, going backward, or wandering hither and thither, select the largest and ripest ear,—the value of the gift to be in proportion to the size and perfection of the ear she should choose. She passed through the field, seeing a great many large and beautiful ears, but always hoping to find a larger and more perfect one ; she passed them all by, when, coming to a part of the field where the stalks grew more stunted, she disdained to take one of these, and so came through to the other side without having selected any."

This little fable is an illustration of the abuse of spare moments. They are rejected on account of the shortness of their duration ; and ever hoping for some leisure in days to come, we let the present moment slip from our grasp, and some day we will find ourselves at the end of human probation, with an accumulated lot of spare moments and golden opportunities

abused and forever passed beyond recall: "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do with thy might"—do now, make use of the present, for *now* is the only age of gold.

"A minute, how soon it is flown,
And yet, how important it is ;
God calls every moment His own.
For all our existence is His."

A wise use of the spare moments has much more to do with success in life than most people are wont to suppose. Our physical, mental, moral, and spiritual health depend largely on our use of the spare moments; and the saddest thing in all the world to do with them, is to do nothing. To do nothing, is to do evil. "For idle hands some mischief still, will Satan ever find to do." It is during the spare moments that the great majority of young men work their ruin. It is after the day's work is over; after the shop is closed, and the young man puts on his best attire, and steps down town to pass the spare moments, that the ruin of soul and body takes place. That is the hour at which the Devil sets his guns and bates his traps—that, of all the moments, is the one in which we need to pray "lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil." Depend upon it, this is the hour of destruction; for no young man will get far astray while at his daily work. This is the young man's age. Young men hold the great majority of all the positions of trust and honor in the gift of the nation. It is also the greatest commercial age the

world has ever known. Commerce! commerce! from the rising to the setting sun; but, amid all the hurry and worry, there are enough spare moments to ruin some of the brightest intellects the world has ever known. High carnival is frequently held at the devil's headquarters over the destruction of young men and women, all through the abuse of the spare moments. Ah! these spare moments are golden beads from the necklace of time; watch them with a jealous eye, or Satan will snatch them forever from your hand. Who has not been struck by De Quincey's picture of the woman sailing over the stream, awaking out of sleep to find her necklace untied, and one end hanging over the stream, while pearl after pearl drops beyond her reach; and, while she clutches at the one just falling, another drops, until half of her priceless necklace is gone.

So it is with our spare moments, they drop one after another like pearls from the string, as we sail the stream of life. Shall we waste in frivolous and sinful pursuits these spare moments of life, which, like rich and costly pearls, drop from our hands and sink to rise no more forever? Unless the spare moments are seized and made a positive good, they become the down grade over which men and women slide to destruction. And the only positive safeguard is to keep the good and the pure before the mind. Tennyson uttered a great truth when he said: "*I am a part of all I have met!*"

Let me give some examples of what has been accomplished in the pursuit of wealth, knowledge, and moral and spiritual uplifting, by a wise use of the spare moments. A young artist, who was allowed to pick up the scattered pieces of glass left by the workmen after the construction of a large stained-glass window, made, out of these fragments, one of the most beautiful cathedral windows in all Europe. So have some men and women made use of the spare moments, by which means they have risen to positions of honor and trust.

It is said that the gold rooms of the United States mint have double floors; the top one is made like a sieve, while the under one is made dust-tight, and catches all the gold dust that falls upon it from the hands of the workmen; and by this means about \$30,000 worth of gold is annually saved. But not so precious are the gold siftings of the United States mint, as the siftings of time that slip through our fingers each year of human probation. "A million of money for a moment of time!" cried one of England's Queens, but even the Queen could not purchase it. What we all need is some kind of a contrivance to catch these precious siftings of time, that, by divine help, we may weave them into a crown that shall adorn our brow when the vigor of youth is no more.

What men have accomplished by a wise use of spare time is wonderful. A poor German boy who

had read of the siege of Troy, resolved that some day he would unearth her long-lost treasures. But, to prepare for such a task, he had only his spare moments. He gave himself up to study during his spare time, and, by that means, learned seven different languages. He says: "I never went on an errand, even in the rain, without having my book in my hand, and learning something by heart; and I never waited at the post-office without reading." That young man became a merchant, made quite a fortune, and, later in life, started on his eastern-bound course. He finally reached the sight of the old city, and, from the palace of the Trojan king, he unearthed treasures of gold, bronze, and stone, that were buried beneath the sands for three thousand years; and, finally, he exhibited his treasures in the British Museum, London, to the wonder and delight of all scientific men—and to-day, scholars are under a debt of gratitude to Dr. Schlieman, the German explorer.

Elihu Burritt, called the "learned blacksmith," is a good example of what may be accomplished by a wise use of spare time. It is said that, while working at the forge waiting for the iron to get hot, he had his book open where his eye could rest upon a new word, and, while he welded the two pieces of iron, he also welded the new word to his brain, and, in both cases, the two became one. In this way Mr. Burritt began the study of languages, and, finally, became one of the most eminent linguists of his day. And no less

a wonder was Wm. Carey, styled by Sydney Smith the "Consecrated Cobbler;" but who to-day is honored as the "Father of Modern Missions." It was a maxim of the Latins, "that no man could reach the summit of honor unless he prudently used his time." All who have been noted for great achievements have been those who made a wise use of the spare moments. This is, doubtless, the genius for which so many sigh—she is within the reach of all, but grasped by few.

Professor Tindall, while a young man, was in government employ, and one day an officer said to him: "Tindall, how do you spend your spare moments; you have five hours a day at your disposal and this ought to be spent in some kind of systematic study? Had I, when at your age had anyone to advise me as I now advise you, instead of being in a subordinate position, I might have been at the head of my profession." The advice was kindly received and acted upon. Mr. Tindall says he began at once systematic study. About seven years later he secured a more thorough education in one of the German Universities, and in a speech made at a banquet in New York, he referred to his student life, and how he was advised by his friend in early life to make a wise use of his spare moments. In the course of this speech Mr. Tindall said: "In 1848, wishing to improve myself in science I went to the University of Hamburg, the same old town in which my namesake,

who, poorer than myself, published his translation of the Bible, I lodged in the plainest manner, in a street which bore an appropriate name, while I dwelt in it. It was called the 'heretics' brook,' from a little historic rivulet running through it. I wished to keep myself clean and hardy, so I purchased a cask, and had it cut in two by a carpenter. Half of this cask filled with spring water every night was placed in my small room, and never, during the years I spent there, in winter or in summer, did the clock of the beautiful Elizabeth-kirk, which was close at hand, finish striking the hour of six in the morning before I was in my tub. For a good portion of my time I rose an hour and a half earlier than this, working by lamplight at the differential calculus, when the world was slumbering around me." This is what made Professor Tindall a genius. We might each be a genius in our sphere if we were all willing to pay the price.

Canon Farrar gave a telling illustration of what can be done by a wise use of spare time. He says: "One of the great English writers, when he went to college, threw away the first two years of his time in gossip, extravagance and noise. One morning one of the idle set to whom he had joined himself came into his room before he had risen and said, 'Paley, you are a fool. You are wasting your time and wasting your chance. Your present way of going on is silly and senseless. Do not throw away your life and your time!' That man did what a friend ought to do, and

saved for England and the Church the genius and service of a great man. 'I was so struck,' said Mr. Paley, 'that I lay in bed until I had formed my plan. I ordered my fire always to be laid over night. I rose at five, read steadily all day, allotted to each portion of time its proper branch of study, and thus on taking my Bachelor's degree I became senior wrangler.' It was something to make this resolve, and to redeem a life from meaningless frivolity."

But how shall we gather the spare moments? Many have found them in early rising. Buffon, the celebrated naturalist, is an example of this. "In my youth," he says, "I was very fond of sleep; it robbed me of a great deal of my time; but my poor Joseph (meaning his domestic) was of great service in enabling me to overcome it. I promised to give Joseph a crown every time he would wake me up at six. The next morning at six he did not fail to awake and torment me; but he received only abuse. The next day he did the same, with no better success, and I was obliged at noon to confess that I had lost my time. I told him that he did not know how to manage his business; that he ought to think of my promise and not my threats. The day following he employed force. I begged for indulgence; I bade him begone; I stormed, but Joseph persisted. I was therefore obliged to comply, and he was rewarded every day for the abuse which he suffered at the moment when I awoke by thanks, accompanied with a crown, which

he received about half an hour after. Yes, I am indebted to poor Joseph for ten or a dozen volumes of my work."

Sir Walter Scott wrote thus in his diary : " When I had, in former times, to fill up a passage in a poem, it was always when I first opened my eyes that the desired idea thronged upon me." If we turn to the Book of books, we will find the same wholesome advice : " Go to the ant, thou sluggard ; consider her ways and be wise, which, having no guide or ruler, provideth her meat in summer and gathereth her food in harvest. How long wilt thou sleep, O sluggard ? When wilt thou arise out of thy sleep ? Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep : so shall thy poverty come as one that travelleth and thy want as an armed man." St. Mark says of our Saviour, " He rose a great while before it was day." There are possibilities in all our lives which could be realized to a greater extent were the spare moments put to a wise use. Let me quote to you from a modern writer, to whose words many lives will testify :

" There are few people who have not discovered how difficult it is to secure time for any pursuit over and above that required for the daily business of life. For example, one has an ambition to excel in an accomplishment, or to acquire a language ; or one's tastes lie in the direction of geology or mineralogy. The hours which can be found and devoted, without interruption, to these cherished things, are few, so few,

that often plans are laid aside and the attainments regarded as completely beyond the reach of busy men and women. The demands of a profession, the cares of a busy household, the claims of society, and the duties of religion, so occupy every moment of the day, that it seems idle to try to keep up the studies which once were a joy and delight. If men and women would determine to do what they can with the bits of time, to learn what they can in the fragments and uninterrupted portions of days, which they can alone be sure of, they would be surprised at the end of the season, or at the end of a year, to find how much they had accomplished. It is better to read one good book, one strong book, through, in the winter, than to read nothing but the newspaper, and, perhaps, not that. A half-hour daily devoted to any book, any art, or any æsthetic pursuit, would be sufficient to keep in the possession of the mind, and give thought something to dwell upon outside the engrossing and dwarfing cares of every day. That precious half-hour would save from the narrowness and pettiness which are inevitable to those whose work is exclusively given to the materialities of life. It would tinge and color the day, as a drop of ruby liquid in the druggist's globe imparts its hue to a gallon of water. A feeling of discouragement comes over us when we compare ourselves and our opportunities with those of some living men and with those of some who have gone, but whose biographies live.

How did they learn so much, fill so large a place in the story of their lives, and illustrate so grandly the possibilities of humanity? If we knew all the truth, it was done because the time we spend in fruitless effort and in doing needless things was steadily given by them to the things which count up and make large sums total at the foot of life's balance-sheet. No doubt, too, because they filled with honest work, and which paid them by making their work easier and more successful in the end. If we could make up our minds to accept the situation in which Providence has placed us, and then do the best we can there, without repining, we might yet evolve some lovely creation out of our broken days."

May these most suggestive words which have stimulated the writer of this little book, stimulate also the reader, to make a wiser use of his spare moments than has hitherto been his habit. Gather up the gold dust of a God-given life, so rich in eternal possibilities—those "rasping and parings" which so many cast from them, as too short to be of any value—put them to a noble use and your life may be happier by far than thousands whose time is all their own.

Pardon me, if I say this little book is a humble illustration of the truth of above quotation. It is the product of some of the spare moments out of a busy pastorate; for he who in any sense is fit to be a pastor, finds hands and heart full. I trust my patient

reader will not feel that they were 'spare moments' altogether wasted or abused.

History only repeats itself in the lives of individuals as well as in that of nations. What men have done may be done again. I have drawn no picture of the mythical ages, but rather a present, living possibility. Let us be alive to the importance of to-day, to-morrow, never yet on any human being rose or set. It should be our aim to use, not with a prodigal waste, nor with a miser's stint, but with a steady resolve, every spare moment, for the success of this one earthly life. For steady application and persistent industry are the only reliable genius of success; and what the genius of a steady application and industry would do for each one of us may be difficult to divine. But this we know, that from the human side we are what our words and deeds make us.

We shape ourselves the joy or fear
Of which the coming life is made,
And fill our Future's atmosphere
With sunshine or with shade.

The tissues of the life to be
We weave with colours all our own;
And in the field of Destiny,
We reap as we have sown.

—*Whittier.*

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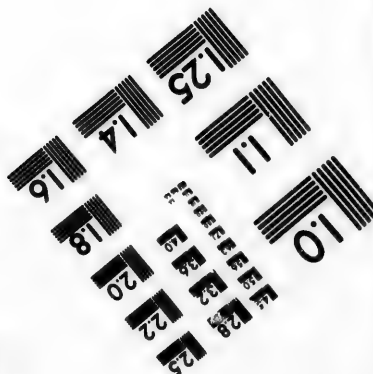
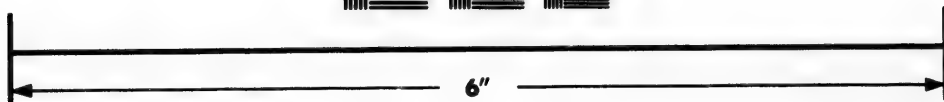
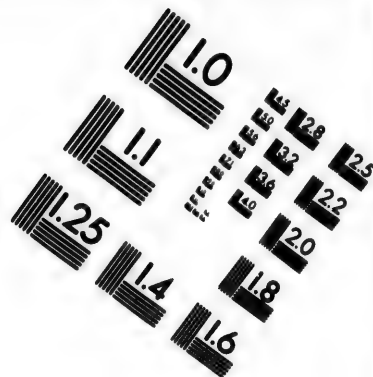
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THE MORAL EFFECTS OF THE STAGE.

THE MORAL EFFECTS OF THE STAGE.

The strength and prosperity of a nation, or an individual, depends much upon the strength of their morals. From the earliest times to the present, the waste and decay of national glory has been due largely to a lack of morality. That the nations of the past have often been unmindful of the fact that morality is a most potent factor in the maintenance of social order, is a truth too well understood to be called in question. Yet there have been those in every age, who felt and acknowledged the benign influence of a healthy morality, which had infused into them sentiments of truth and righteousness, as well as a deep reverence for God. The saddest calamity that can befall any people is to obtain success by unrighteous means. We may try to persuade ourselves that the claims of humanity will hold the people within the bounds of a common brotherhood ; but the record of the past forbids such a hope. The national evils produced by the lack of a strong morality may be seen in the fall of the Roman empire, and in the destructive effects of the French Revolution. Rome was given up to luxury and pride. A system of unrivalled pillage, not the common industry of the





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people, filled the public treasury with the spoils of a conquered world. It was when France had thrown off all moral restraint, that she rushed headlong into sins which culminated in the horrors of the Revolution. Among the various agencies which have acted for and against morality, we note the effects of the stage.

While investigating the moral effects of this institution we have the advantage of considering one that is well known. The stage which was once regarded as an angel of mercy—and through which the story of redemption was told to the uneducated, has, of a truth, fallen. In its origin the stage had a noble purpose—the moral and religious educator of the people. At a time when the nations were just waking into intellectual life, the stage was doubtless a most powerful and effective means for imparting knowledge. But just as one form of government must give place to a superior, so must one class of teachers give place to those who are their intellectual superiors. Every opposing power must yield to the advance of moral and intellectual progress. Laws are adjusted to meet the growth of the times. Feudalism was good in its day, but it fell before a more progressive age. Even a moral principle is wrong, when it stands in the way of one that is higher. The system of religious and moral training soon advanced, so that the stage lost its influence and power as a teacher of morals. For during even more modern times the stage was not

supported simply as a place of amusement ; but what the books, papers and magazines which crowd our homes and breathe the life and sentiment of the times are to us—such was the stage in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. This ancient glory of the stage is often pointed to, at the present time, as a reason for the existence of the modern theatre. But the moral rise on the part of the people, and the moral decline on the part of the stage, has called in question the utility of such an institution in our day. That the stage has out-lived its moral and religious influence is obvious. The only object for which the stage still exists is that of amusement ; and whether the amusement supplied is of such a character as to strengthen even the lowest morality, we boldly question.

But in order to trace the moral effects of the stage, we must turn to the literature and the characters it has produced. Many of the dramatic productions of that age are distinguished for vigor of style, richness of thought and splendor of diction. Some of the greatest minds have cast their thoughts in the dramatic mould. Sophocles, the greatest of Greek tragedians, clothed his thoughts in noble and lofty expressions. It is almost needless to say, that in Shakespeare there is much to admire. Here we find splendid images, grand conceptions, excellent maxims and sublime thought. But these are exceptions among the writers for the stage. In the correct dramatic treatment of an historical fact, there can be but little objection.

Yet it is well for the inexperienced to remember that,

“Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
As, to be hated, needs but to be seen ;
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.”

Even in Shakespeare, the purest of dramatic writers, there is much that is objectionable. Shakespeare lives to-day, not so much on account of his moral sentiments, as for his literary and poetic genius, which will ever cause him to shine as a star of the first magnitude.

But this is the brightest side of the picture, for the literature of the stage as a whole, is anti-christian in its effects. It abounds in the most irreverent allusions and appeals to the Almighty, and savours much of atheism. The political and ecclesiastical combats with the stage have not been without cause. And one of these causes has been given by Macaulay, who says: “On the comic dramatists from Dryden to Congreve, it is not easy to be too severe. This part of our literature is a disgrace to our national character. It is clever, but it is in the most emphatic sense of the words, *earthly, sensual, devilish*.”

No less marked are the effects of the stage, as seen in the individual. The strength of any structure depends much upon the strength of the single units of which it is made up. If the units are weak the structure will be weak also. The unit of the nation is the man, the woman, the child. To effect the

nation, we need only effect the individual. That the lives of thousands of the fairest and noblest men and women have been destroyed by the evil effects of the stage needs no proof.

The best defence that can be offered for its existence is that it affords recreation. But why seek recreation so far down the stream of a corrupted morality, while the pure fountain is sending forth its waters clear as crystal? The stage poisons the mind by filling it with false views of life, and thus prepares its victims for bitter disappointment. The theatre makes this life of stern realities—this battle-ground on which he who wins must struggle, a mere scene of romantic adventure, a place of visionary bliss. Mrs. Jamieson paints in the following language the ideal actress: "The beautiful, the noble, the heroic, the affecting sentiments she is to utter before the public are not turned into a vile parody by her private deportment and personal qualities—rather borrow from both an incalculable moral effect; while her womanly character, the perpetual association of her form, her features, her voice, with loveliest and loftiest creations of human genius, enshrine her in the ideal and play like a glory round her head."

Would that on looking at the modern stage we could feel that the majority of those who tread it possessed either the personal character or the artistic qualities so beautifully described in the above words. But the true effects on the actors are not seen directly

by the public. We have it, however, from the honest confession of many : Was it not when Grimaldi was convulsing his audience with laughter that he confessed himself the most wretched of men? Pleasure secured at such a sacrifice is too dearly bought, and no man or woman can afford to purchase it at such a cost. Life on the stage is a dog's life for any, except for those who stand high in their profession. You are under the control of managers who are often men of no moral character. There are some worthy men and women who go on the stage, impelled by necessity, as they think, or cherishing the fond ambition to rise to important positions ; but where one succeeds, hundreds fail. The immoral effects of such disappointments are sad in the extreme. That eminent actor, George Vandenhoff, left this advice for those who think of becoming actors : " Go to sea, go to law, go to church, go to Italy, and strike a blow for liberty ; go to any thing or any where that will give you an honest, decent livelihood, rather than go upon the stage. To any young lady with a similar proclivity, I would say, buy a sewing machine, and take in plain work first ; so shall you save much sorrow, bitter disappointment, and secret tears."

*Mrs. Kemble said of acting : " I devoted myself to a profession which I never liked or honored, and about the very nature of which I have never been able to come to any very decided opinion. A business which is intense excitement and factitious emotion,

seems to be unworthy of a man ; a business which is public exhibition, unworthy of a woman. Neither have I ever presented myself before an audience without a shrinking feeling of reluctance, or withdrawn from their presence without thinking the excitement I had undergone unhealthy, and the personal exhibition odious." The Rev. Dr. John Hall sums up the effects of theatre going thus : "Shallowness, a false standard of success and gentility, unsettled purposes in life, enervating amusements (he did not recall one theatre-goer among his classmates who attained success in life), a lack of public spirit, a weak commercial conscience, an exaggerated idea of personal freedom, and, finally, feebleness in the religious life."

These are still the moral effects of the stage in our day. The stream can rise no higher than the source. The morals of the stage are low and the effect upon the individual and the nation is to lower the moral standard. Young men and women who are not acquainted with the history of the modern theatre are often deceived by those who try to brace up a decaying institution. Before the stage can take the place its advocates claim for it, the moral standard must be raised to a level worthy of the enlightenment of the nineteenth century. One of the following alternatives awaits this institution, complete annihilation, or great moral reform. If the stage would ever again be worthy of general support it must be reconstructed on a very high moral basis. It must secure a class of

actors whose chief aim will be the development of talent, the elevation of character, and the dissemination of a pure literature. But we must confess that the present tendency of the stage is to drift from all this. If it is to remain with us, our hope is that e'er long it will become so transformed that instead of corrupting our literature, and demoralizing the noblest and purest of our race, its influence will be felt in the moral uplifting of mankind. But until these moral reforms are accomplished, the stage can have no claim upon the moral and religious sentiment of any community.

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KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.

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I would not be true to myself, nor to a large class of my fellow-creatures, were I to close my book without some words on our duty to show kindness to the dumb animals. I love all the animals. In all my life I could never endure to see one of them treated unkindly without feelings of deep sympathy on their behalf. That they are creatures capable of suffering pain and enjoying pleasure, perhaps as keenly as ourselves, and no human speech with which to express either their joys or their sorrows, is to me a sufficient reason for treating them kindly. I have, on several occasions, barely escaped trouble in defending some of these helpless creatures from the infuriated temper of some inhuman brute who called himself a man, yet claimed the right to beat his dog or his horse as unmercifully as he pleased. Animals were created by the God who created all living creatures, and to treat them unkindly is to sin against their Maker ; and this sin of cruelty to animals, along with all unpardoned transgressions, will be charged against the offender on the Day of Judgment. Some writers have even advanced the idea that the dumb animals possess an immortality, and will be restored at the *new creation*.

This appears to have been Milton's idea in "Paradise Regained." It cannot be Paradise regained without the animals, for they were in Paradise before the fall. "Even so," said a brother minister, "I will never be ashamed or afraid to meet 'Doll,'" meaning the horse. Be my sins what they may, I will never be charged with cruelty to animals.

The immortal Cowper, the poet of humanity, says :

" I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm."

Said Rowland Hill : " I would not give anything for a man's Christianity whose horse could not perceive a difference in him." Higginson has very truthfully said that "a child reared without the knowledge of pet animals is a solitary being, no matter if there be brothers and sisters, while a child who has animals to tend is never quite alone. A dog is of itself a liberal education, with its example of fidelity, unwearied activity, cheerful sympathy, and love stronger than death ; nay, love that is triumphant over shame and ignominy and sin—influences that so often wear out human love or make it change to hate. How many of us hold to our friends with a love as inexhaustible and inextinguishable as that which our dog gives to us ? The child especially finds in the faithful creature much of its own impulsive and ardent life ; the delight in little things, the ready curiosity, the ceaseless

activity, the quick changes of occupation, the unabated interest in existence. Kittens, again, seem sent to give a child just what the dog leaves out ; the more refined ways, the soft playfulness, the gentle domesticity, the willingness to be tended and petted. Kittens about the house supply the smaller punctuation in the book of life ; their little frisks and leaps and pats are the commas and semicolons and dashes, while the big dog puts in the colons and the periods."

I believe we have altogether underrated the capabilities of the dumb animals to receive and return kindness. The man is yet to appear who will tell us of the near approach of animal instinct to human reason. Indeed the instinct of some animals is far superior to the reason displayed by some human beings. How far that which we call instinct is below that which we call reason is hard to determine. While I doubt not that there is a fixed gulf between reason and instinct, I cannot help thinking that it has been widened beyond all warrant. Dr. Wayland, in his *Moral Science*, says : " Brutes are sensitive beings, capable of, probably, as great degree of physical pleasure and pain as ourselves. They are endowed with instinct which is probably a form of intellect inferior to our own, but which, being generally unlike to ours, we are unable to understand. They differ from us chiefly in being destitute of any moral faculty. We do not stand to them in the relation of equality. ' Our right is paramount, and must extinguish theirs.' "

"We have therefore a right to use them to promote our comfort, and may innocently take their life, if our necessities demand it. This right over them is given to us by the revealed will of God. But, inasmuch as they, like ourselves, are the creatures of God, we have no right to use them in any other manner than that which God has permitted. They, as much as ourselves, are under His protection.

"We are forbidden to treat them unkindly on any pretence or for any reason. There can be no clearer indication of a degraded, a ferocious temper, than cruelty to animals. Hunting, in many cases, and horse-racing, seem to me liable to censure in this respect."

It is in my heart to write earnest words on behalf of the dumb animals, as we call them,—dumb only because they lack human speech,—but my pen falters, therefore I quote largely from writers whose hearts, like my own, beat in deep sympathy with these creatures, but whose tongue God has made as the pen of a ready writer, on the subject of cruelty and kindness to animals. Read this graphic scene of cruelty and mercy combined, which took place over one hundred and fifty years ago, recorded by the facile pen of Eugene Sue, and touching as it is, it cannot surpass some acts of cruelty of this nineteenth century. He says: "The winter of 1732 was very cold. The pavements became very slippery by the frost, and did not present any hold for the horses' feet; and one of these

animals, harnessed to a large cart heavily laden with wood, was utterly unable to advance a step forward, while the carter, a powerful fellow, was belaboring the poor brute with his heavy whip, striking him over the head with relentless ferocity. Breathless, and struggling violently, the poor horse was so exhausted by his continued severe efforts, that, in spite of the cold, he was covered with sweat and foam. Now, throwing himself into his collar with desperate exertion, he tugged so that the stones beneath his feet threw out sparks of fire; now, far from being discouraged, he backed a few paces to take breath, and again tried, but in vain, to draw his load. Twice did he nearly fall—his knees touched the pavement; the carter raised him by the bit, leaving the mouth of the animal raw and bleeding. A third time, after a violent effort, he fell on his knees, one leg entangled beneath him; he could not recover himself, but fell on his side, where he lay trembling, bathed in sweat, and his eyes fixed on his brutal owner. The rage of his master then knew no bounds; and after breaking his whip over the head of the horse, who, kept down by the shafts, lay groaning on the stones, he began kicking the unfortunate animal on the nostrils. The spectators of this cruel sight looked on with apathy. The fellow, finding the horse did not move, took a bundle of straw, twisted it into the form of a torch, and, taking a match from his pocket, said, ‘I’ll roast him; p’r’aps that’ll make him get up.’ At this moment a

Quaker stepped forward and pushed his way among the crowd. When he saw the carter go toward the fallen horse with the intention of applying the blazing straw to his body, a shudder ran through his frame, and his countenance expressed the utmost compassion. Unable for a moment to endure this scene, the Quaker approached the carter and took him by the arm, who turned with menacing look as he shook the torch. 'Friend,' said the Quaker in a calm tone, showing the carter fifteen *louis d'or*, which he held in his hand, 'wilt thou sell me thy horse for this gold?' 'What do you say?' inquired the carter; 'will ye give me that sum for the brute?' and stamped out the light beneath his feet. '*Fifteen louis*,' said the Quaker. 'But why should ye buy the horse?' 'That is nothing to thee. If thou sellest thy horse thee must unload thy cart, unharness the horse, and assist him to rise.' 'Is it good gold?' 'Take it to the nearest shop and enquire.' The carter soon returned, saying, 'It is a bargain.' 'Then unshackle the poor horse, for he is crushed by the weight of his load.' The bystanders lent their aid to free the horse. The poor animal was bleeding in many places; and such was his terror of the carter that he trembled at his approach. 'But I can't tell why you bought the old brute,' said the carter. '*I can tell thee; it was to free him from thy cruelty that I bought him*,' said the Quaker."

Blessed be God for the noble men and women who, like the Quaker, plead the cause of these poor crea-

tures, who are unable to defend themselves ; and especially those who, with voice and pen and purse, shield the helpless, for God is also with the oppressed. God pity the inhuman brute who has neither pity nor kindness for these faithful creatures which God hath given us for our profit.

Prof. David Swing has credit for these brave words :
“ It ill becomes us to inflict tortures upon the helpless man or the helpless brute. We cannot do this and still claim any of the honours of true manhood. Let us see our world in ever newer and fairer colours. Why are we here unless we can make our race better by our sojourn ? Let us break up these places of cruelty with which our earth abounds. Let us, if possible, unite love and mercy in the streets, where our dumb brutes toil ; let us teach better the man whose ear can draw music from a whip ; let us write mercy in the woods where the wild deer runs, mercy in the air where our birds fly, and along the city streets, where the temper has held a sway too terrible and too long. When a cruel driver lashes his horse, it is not a mere incident of the hour, not worthy of your notice ; it is a link in a chain which binds you and me to all the black monsters of the past, to the Romans, who exposed their infants to the beasts of the woods, to those tribes in the desert which cut a steak from an ox without killing the ox, and if we do not break this chain by action and protest, it will bind us forever to this long ancestry of shocking deeds.

It is high time for us to ponder upon these things, and to wash our hands from this form of guilt, and from all indifference to this form of human error and vice."

George S. Angell, who has been styled the 'apostle of the gospel of mercy,' and who has devoted his life to this God-honored work of saving man and * beast from cruelty, calls upon all who desire to show kindness and mercy to the dumb animals, to do what they can. Here is his plan: 'When you see boys robbing birds' nests, or stoning birds, or squirrels, or other harmless animals, or shooting them, or catching, destroying, or tormenting, tell such boys all these have their mates and companions just as we have, and feel pain as we do, and are perhaps as fond of life and liberty as we are, and were all created and put here for useful purposes; and ask them what fun there can be in killing or wounding them, or making them suffer. Ask them whether it is brave to torment the weak; whether it would not be nobler and more honorable to protect, and more pleasing to our Father in Heaven, who created and cares for them all? And the larger animals, you will have many chances of doing them good. Feed them, give them water, speak kindly to them, try to make them happy, and see how grateful they will be, and how much they will love you for it, and how happy it will make you to see them happy. My young friends, every kind action you can do for the weak and defenceless, *and*

every kind word you say to them, will make you happier, nobler and better ; all good people will love you and respect you the more for it, and as your bodies grow, your hearts will grow larger and richer, to bless the world.' "

My dear reader, will you come along with me and join Mr. Angell's "Band of Mercy," the pledge is:—" I will try to be kind to all harmless living creatures, and try to protect them from cruel usage." Come on, friend ! here is my name, G. R. White,, the blank is for yours. May God add by scores to our Society and make each one faithful.

Again, I quote from an address of Mr. Angell, given before the annual meeting of "The American Social Science Association," in 1874.

" It is very easy to enlist the sympathies of children in the animal world. Take, for instance, the history and habits of birds ; show how wonderfully they are created, how kind to their young, how useful to agriculture, what power they have in flight. The swallow that flies sixty miles an hour, or the frigate bird which, in the words of Audubon, 'flies with the velocity of a meteor, and, according to Michelet, can float at an elevation of ten thousand feet, and cross the tropical Atlantic ocean in a single night ; or those birds of beauty and song, the oriole, the linnet, the lark, and sweetest of all, the nightingale, whose voice caused one of old to exclaim, ' Lord, what music Hast Thou provided for Saints in heaven, when Thou hast

afforded such music for men on earth? Or, take that wonderful beast of the desert, the camel, which, nourished by its own humps of fat, and carrying its own reservoirs of water, pursues its toilsome way across pathless deserts for the comfort and convenience of man. Is it not easy to carry up the minds and hearts of children by thoughts like these from the creature to the infinitely wise, good, and powerful Creator?

"I believe there is a great defect in our system of education. I believe that in our public schools it is quite as possible to develop the heart as the intellect, and that when this is required and done, we shall not only have higher protection for dumb creatures, and so increased length of human life, but also human life better developed and better worth living. I believe that the future student of American history will wonder that in the public schools of a free government, whose very existence depends upon public integrity and morals, so much attention should have been paid to the cultivation of intellect, and so little to the cultivation of the heart."

If the reader desires to further pursue this study of instinct, and the habits of dumb animals, and our duty to show them kindness, we recommend the study of Dr. P. A. Chadbourne's Lowell Lectures on "*Instinct*," 1871. Also the reading of "*Black Beauty*," the "Uncle Tom's Cabin" of the Horse—paper 15 cents, and become a subscriber to the little paper

"*Our Dumb Animals*," published monthly by the American Humane Education Society and the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals—price, 50 cents per year. Address, 19 Milk Street, Boston, Mass.

From the appendix to "*Black Beauty*," we quote as follows: "Capt. John Codman gives a column and a half in the New York *Commercial Advertiser* of May 13, 1890, to one of the best descriptions of 'Black Beauty' we have yet seen."

He says: "I sat down to read it last night and did not move from my chair until it was finished!" We wish we had space for the whole article, but can only give its closing words:—"As I sit down by my window opposite Grace Church (New York) on a Sunday noon, I see a long row of carriages drawn up before its sacred walls. Fashion, wealth and beauty are within the church calling themselves miserable sinners, *as indeed they are*. Outside are some of the evidences of their sinfulness. There sit their coachmen, looking down from their boxes on the lacerated stumps at one end of their horses, while the other end of them is jerked up into the air. Not even while their masters are at prayer can they be relieved from this torture. Every now and then the coachman touch them up with the whip and yank upon the reins to keep up their 'style' and to make them champ their bits and foam at the mouth.

"I crossed over the other Sunday and interviewed

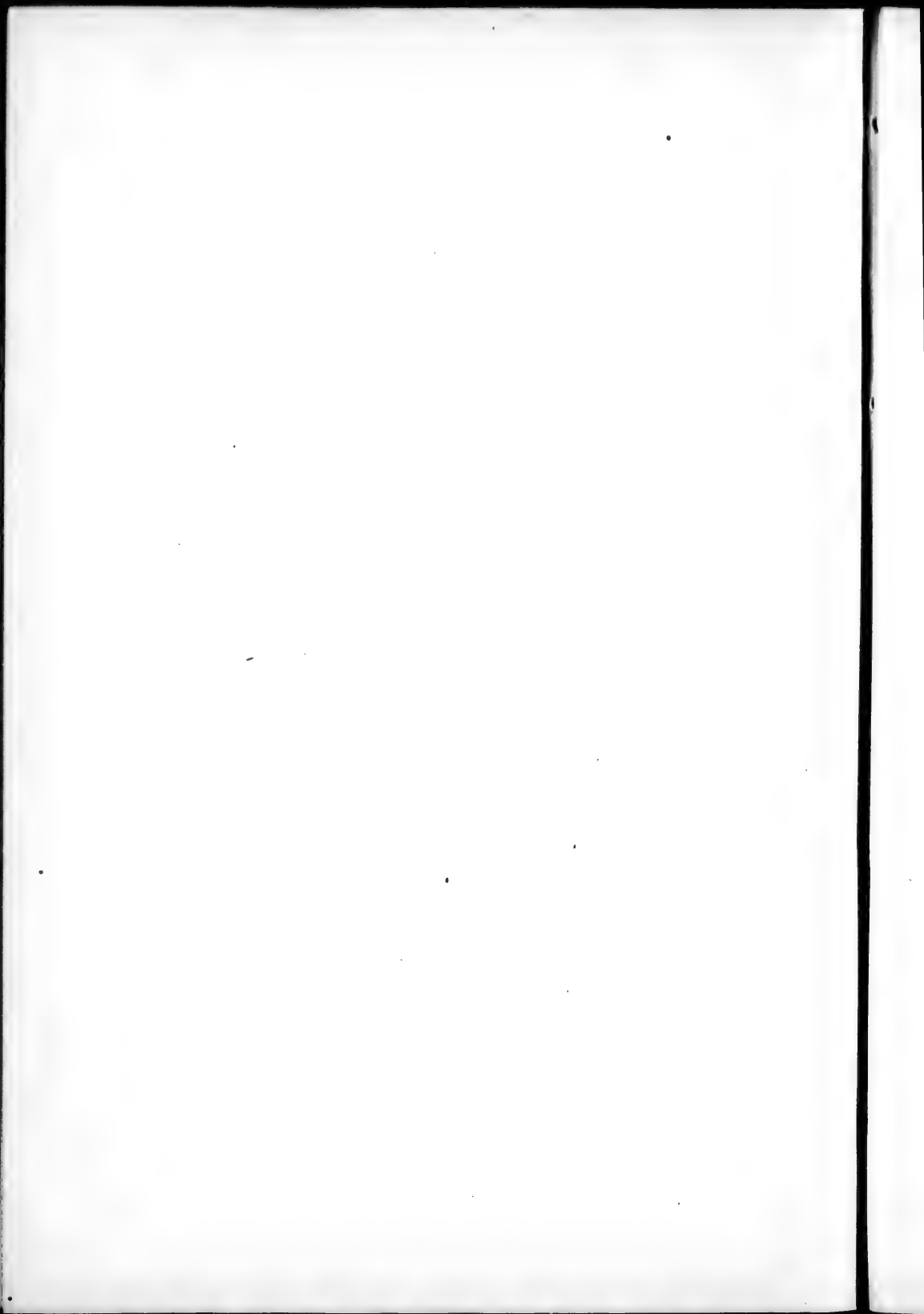
some of those horses. In every one of them there was a pained expression of the eye and often a nervous twitching of the upper lip. Their faces betokened unspeakable agony. Alas, that it was unspeakable! It would have been useless to have asked mercy from the coachman. I doubt not some of them were kind-hearted men, and, like York, the groom of whom 'Black Beauty' told me last night, they did this sort of thing reluctantly, but in obedience to orders.

"The poor beast seemed to discern pity in my face, and every feature of their own had a tongue that said, —'For God's sake,—yes, for God's sake, for we are His creatures—go into that Church, and tell the preacher to cut short his "lessons for the day," and to send his congregation out here to take an object lesson from us!' I wish that Dr. Huntington would take "Black Beauty" into his pulpit and let him preach to his people. The text he may find is in the book of the prophet Joel: I., 18, 'How do the beasts groan.'

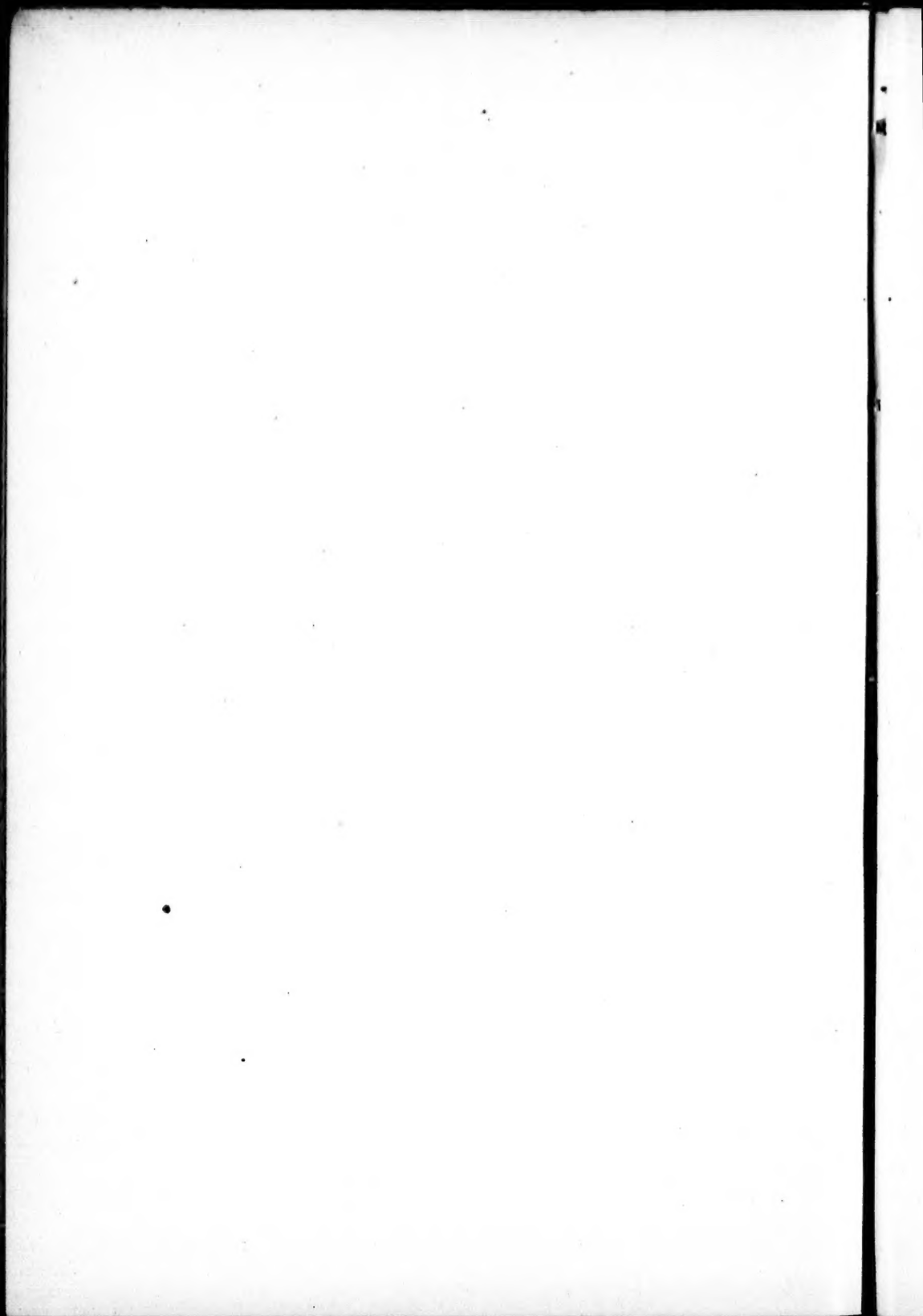
"I have no space to chronicle all that 'Black Beauty' said to me of his varied experiences in life of high and low degree. After he had told all of his pathetic story, I turned into my bed in the small hours of the night, and when I was asleep he stood there still. Then the scene changed to that 'large pleasant meadow' where the story began. 'Black Beauty' and his mother were there; so was 'Sir Oliver,' little

'Merrylegs,' and all the rest of them; even poor 'Ginger,' over whose tragic death I had shed a tear, was her old self again. I have always believed in the immortality of animals.

"Agassiz believed in it, so did Cuvier, so did Luther, and many other great men were not ashamed to confess it. It was not strange that in my dream I saw those friends, whose acquaintance I had so pleasantly made, changing their shape and floating in air, where they were joined by the 'Chariots of Israel and the horsemen thereof.' And last in the ærial cavalcade came Grace Church martyrs, more pleased that their tails had grown out and that they were enjoying a free reign than that they, like Pegasus, had been given wings. They were dragging their carriages over the clouds, but the carriages were empty. Yes, there must be a place for good horses and a place for bad men."—F. C.



PAUL'S PANEGYRIC ON LOVE.



PAUL'S PANEGYRIC ON LOVE.

" If I speak with the tongue of men and of angels but have not love, I am become sounding brass, or a clanging cymbal. And if I have the light of prophecy, and know all mysteries and all knowledge; and if I have all faith, so as to remove mountains but have not love, I am nothing. And if I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and if I give my body to be burned, but have not love, it profiteth me nothing. Love suffereth long and is kind; love envieth not; love vaunteth not, itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly; seeketh not its own, is not provoked, taketh not account of evil; rejoiceth not in unrighteousness, but rejoiceth with the truth; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things. Love never faileth, but whether there be prophecies, they shall be done away; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall be done away. For we know in part and we prophesy in part; but when that which is perfect is come, that which is in part shall be done away. When I was a child, I spake as a child, I felt as a child, I thought as a child; now that I am become a man, I have put away

childish things. For now we see in a mirror, darkly ; but then face to face ; now I know in part ; but then shall I know even as also I have been known. But now abideth faith, hope, love, these three ; and the greatest of these is *Love*." I. Cor. XIII.—R.V.

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